THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

{ Established August 4, 1821. Whole Number Issued 1814.

MABEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALICE CARY.

Mabel's cheeks are a tempting red—
Once I held her fast, and said,
"Pretty, if I let you go,
Will you kiss me?—yes, or no?"

"To be free," she laughing cried,
"I would kiss you, tho' I died;"
Would my darling vex me so
If she loved me?—yes, or no?

Mabel's little heart doth beat
Fast for gladness when we meet,
But she hardly speaks to me—
If she loved me, wouldn't she?

Mabel's white hands bled one day,
Gleaning in the briery hay,
But she asked no help of me—
If she loved me, wouldn't she?

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

When Rachel awoke to consciousness, broad daylight glared full in her face.

She was lying helplessly at the foot of a dwarf pine tree in a close thicket of tangled undergrowth. As she languidly opened her eyes, she strove, but vainly, to comprehend how she came to be alone in that desolate spot. She only felt that she was faint and ill, and that a burning fever flashed fiercely through all her veins. She looked about in mute wonder. How had she been spirited to this place without her knowledge? Forest trees shut her in on every side,—no path was to be seen,—what could it all mean. Alas, too soon memory returned! The frightful scene in the hut on the mountain came vividly before her mind like a picture of intensest reality. She tried to rise and flee from the thicket, but in the distress this attempt gave her, she fell back again to her first position.

Her garments were torn, soiled and wet; she had lain there all night, unsheltered, insensible, and with the heavy rains descending full upon her; it was then at least ten o'clock.

Thoughts of an unknown death flitted through her brain. Was she indeed to lie there, helpless, alone, suffering, famishing till she perished? Were there none near to hear her cries? Was she, oh, pitying heaven, to leave the sweet earth so young, with no friend to close her eyes? She did not dread to die, she did not fear the awful parting of the soul from the body, but she knew meekly that she was not worthy yet to meet her Maker face to face.

As the sun neared his meridian, the collected strength to creep from the spot on her hands and knees to an open space in the wood, where the unobstructed sunshine might sooner dry her wet raiment, but the effort to do so was very great, because her limbs were stiffened and damped by exposure to the fury of the storm. Some partially ripened berries attracting her attention, she bent down the bushes, gathered and devoured them, overjoyed to relieve herself of the intolerable thirst with which she was oppressed. They were cool and refreshing, and seemed for the time to allay her fever,—never were morsels as delicious as they! Shortly after eating them she fell, from utter exhaustion, into an uneasy slumber. Nature asserted her rights, and she slept until late in the afternoon, when, aroused as though by a painful dream that had reached its denouement, she started up suddenly from the soft, woodland grass, where she had been lying. A slow, cautious rustling of the dead leaves, with which the ground was thickly strewn, drew her alarmed attention. She looked anxiously around and saw the beautiful, glittering eyes of a snake, which, with out thrust tongue and uplifted head, was moving its long, shining length stealthily toward her. With one re-echoing cry of affright, Rachel staggered to her feet, and oblivious of all physical agony, darted from the spot, and plunging wildly through the brushwood, passed not, until, with equal delight and surprise, she found herself standing, though panting and breathless, at the side of an open and evidently frequented road. Reaction came, and she sank down exhausted. Her brain whirled, her sight vibrated back and forth, and insensibility again descended upon her overwrought intellect.

* * * * * * * *

"I thought thee said she was better to-day," said Janet Hawthorne's kindly voice. "I confess I cannot see the amendment. She looks puny and weakly enough. She wants rest from all this dreary teaching, and she shall have it too! As soon as she is able we will take her back to Maplehurst, eh, Alice?"

Rachel slowly opened her now spiritless eyes.

"Hush!" cautioned another voice, that the young girl had no difficulty in recognising as that of her Aunt Alice, "hush, she is awakening too soon, by half."

"Am I home?" Rachel asked faintly; "who brought me here?"

"No, child, thee is not at home, but thee shall be cared for the same as if thee was, until thee is able to go. There, now, lie quiet, or thee will harm thyself. That would be bad."

"Is it you, Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, Rachel, and here's Janet, too, come to see thee."

Immediately a soft kiss was pressed on the sick girl's cheek, and she saw bending over her the mild, withered face of Janet Hawthorne.

Experiencing no feeling of illness beyond that of extreme weakness, for awhile the past remained obscure, until, with a shudder of returning memory, Rachel recalled everything—her ramble up the mountain on that stormy eve—her terror, and her flight.

"Thee is well enough able to sit up a little time,—would thee like it? Shall I help thee to this arm chair, Rachel?"

How glad she was to have the dreary meditation of that memorable night broken in upon!

"Yes, aunt, if you will be so kind," and shortly she found herself established in the chair, which, from the circumstance of its being in scarlet and white, led her to conjecture that she was still beneath the roof of St. Mary's Lodge, although the room was unfamiliar.

"Is Fred well?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, and most anxious to see thee. I have a letter for thee from him—shall I get it?"

She signified eager assent, and her aunt went to a closet and brought forth the precious document from the bottom of her own best cap box. Rachel took a long while to read it, notwithstanding it was written in large, boyish characters. Her sight wavered, and her head throbbed painfully. On finishing the dear record of school scrapes, and amusing adventures, Rachel looked round and saw that she was alone with her Aunt Janet, Alice having noiselessly quitted the room.

She longed to confess her trouble,—the sorrow wearing on her heart, to her best earthly friend.

"Aunt," she said, "I have something to tell you. Will you come sit by me?"

"Yes, love, but speak low, thee has no strength to spare." The old Quakeress sat down, her hand fast clasped in that of the young girl. Few words sufficed; Rachel did not go into detail. She said her faith in Mr. Ogilvie was destroyed, that the thought of their union had become more repulsive than any other thing on the earth. She related his attempt to recall Zillah O'Brian to life, and spoke of the immediate revulsion of feeling on her own part which that event had occasioned, pausing at this point, as she saw the horror on the face of the good Quakeress mingle with something that had wonderfully the effect of doubt.

"Aunt Janet," she cried wildly, "do not hesitate to believe me! I swear to you I am speaking the truth. I am not raving,—I am well now, and simply stating a solemn, awful fact. I implore you not to doubt."

"I do not doubt thee, Rachel; no, not for an instant. But I am shocked, dismayed. Was there ever wickedness like this. I know thee is not speaking merely the fancies of an excited, feverish imagination, and for this good reason: Since I have been here, (and thee has been sick many weeks,) it was discovered that the body of thy little friend had been removed from the churchyard. Great consternation prevailed in the village, my dear, when this was made known, and, suspicion falling on the sexton, an avaricious old man, hardened by his dreadful way of life, it was supposed he had been bribed to the deed. A mob gathered, and would have lynched him, as the world's people call it, but for the efforts of the good men of Lyster, and foremost among them was that Richard Godwin who conducts prayers at this very house. Don't thee interrupt, Rachel; let me tell thee all first. The strangest part of the whole thing was, that a few nights after the riot, this little child's grave was again opened.

"The next morning the marks being seen, the authorities examined it, and found that the cold, lifeless object of all the trouble and confusion had been returned. 'My poor Rachel.'"

She sprang forward just in time to catch the fainting form of the girl in her arms. The dreadful sequel to her own tale had been the drop too much in Rachel Olio's cup of suffering.

That day, and the next, and the next passed, and there was no sign of amendment. But the stupor into which her aunt's injudicious and ill-timed recital had thrown her, began after this to wear gradually away.

One morning, as soon as her returning health permitted conversation, Rachel asked to be informed how it had happened, that she had been brought back to St. Mary's Lodge.

"My poor little one," said her aunt, "I will tell thee. Thee sees, one day Alice and I were sitting knitting at home, when in comes Freeland Ogilvie, his eyes all a-fire, and his hair flying about his face like a madman's. He said thee was sick, and he wanted us to set off with him at once, and come to thee. We were no laggards, Alice and I, and in half an hour we were driving this way with Freeland Ogilvie, in one of his own carriages. Then he told us a long story, how he had taken thee out to walk, and being overtaken by a storm, in the darkness, thee missed thy footing, and fell down a hill. He almost wept as he said he had thee taken to a laborer's cot for the night, and the next day brought thee back to St. Mary's Lodge to be nursed."

"It is false, every word of it!" cried Rachel. "How dared he say so! Perhaps he thought I might not live to utter the truth. It is false—false!"

"I believe thee, Rachel, indeed I do. Freeland Ogilvie has never had the reputation of a really wise, good man. I have been deceived in him myself. I am glad thy eyes are opened, and very thankful thee will not now become his wife."

"I have been very sick?"

"Very sick. It is five weeks to-morrow, since we came here. Thee has been unconscious mostly, and I have much wondered to hear thee rave of ghosts and serpents. Often, thee started up in bed, and shrieked that thou wert poisoned by the bite of venomous snakes. But it is all clear to me now, dear child."

"Then Mr. Ogilvie must have discovered me as I lay insensible at the edge of that road," said Rachel, thoughtfully, "since he brought me back."

"Doubtless, my dear. And now, I fear this talking is too much for thee; thee must go to bed again."

The young girl's eyes filled with grateful tears as she said fervently,

"I thank God that I am no longer deceived. I was charmed, fascinated into a delusion that is over for the rest of my life. Aunt Janet?"

"Well?"

"I should be so glad to have it off my mind. I cannot," shuddering, "see him, to tell him irrevocably that I will not marry him; and yet, perhaps—ought I, do you think? Is he in Lyster?"

"Yes, he comes every day to inquire after thee, but he has not seen thee since the afternoon he brought thee here."

"Then I will write now and at once!"

Startled at her eagerness, yet scarcely daring to risk opposition, the Quakeress placed pen and paper before her niece. The evening of that day, Freeland Ogilvie held in his possession a note of formal and unchangeable rejection, concluding with a frigid request that St. Mary's Lodge might not in future be favored with his visits. Any one to have beheld him as he read this letter, would have conjectured that it was of the most trifling, unimportant nature. He crushed it lightly in his hand, and with a secure smile on his false lips, said meditatively—

"Poor little Rachel, we shall see! She cannot live without me, or I without her. A month or so of quiet submission on my part, will soften her wonderfully, and she will recall me—the little tyrant."

In a few days afterwards, he returned to Maplehurst.

A great change passed over the life of Rachel Olio. Her idole had been so rudely broken, that her true woman's nature almost sank beneath the trial. But when the first bitterness had gone, she began to desire to live for others, and in doing good to suffering mortals, seeking no return of affection or gratitude, to forget her own sorrow. There is a period of noble unselfishness, similar to this, in almost every woman's life. But it rarely comes till the best hopes of her existence are humbled.

Ogilvie's strange influence over Rachel Olio's character ceased entirely. She seemed endowed with more than her natural force of intellect, to resist his hitherto irresistible will. By it, he had often, as it were, *compelled* her to cast away what barriers lay between them. Now she stood forever free of him. The temporary hallucination was over, never to return.

CHAPTER XIII.

Alice and Janet Hawthorne went back to their quiet Quaker home, and to their great regret, unaccompanied by their niece. Had they known her motive, the stern resolve thenceforth to spare herself no duty, however severe, while she accepted no indulgences, they would indeed have wondered what had come over their delicate and once indolent Rachel.

Life henceforth for her was, she thought, only to be made endurable by the harsh exercise of complete self-sacrifice. There was vital wrong in this, but the humanity of her nature rebelled in vain. She deemed it the weakness of selfishness, and tried to overcome it. Poor, innocent, Rachel!

One day, just two months after the departure of her aunts, she found lying on her dressing-table this note directed to herself.

"Long ago, I offered you the name of wife, since then my eyes have opened to a double error. First, to the enormity of marriage under such circumstances; and secondly, to the fact, that I loved you then, as I do at this moment—more than I have ever loved any one in this world.

"Living for years in a state of misanthropic indifference, I have but just awakened to the glory of realities and possibilities; and it is you who are lifting me from my darkness. I offer you now, a hand and a *heart*—for God's sake, give me hope if you can.

"Richard Fayette Godwin."

Rachel's first feeling on perusing this note was deep pity for its writer. He did but tell her what long before she had suspected, even when he knew it not himself—that he loved her. But with a sigh she thought, that she herself could never love again, and as for marriage without love, even on one side, that was as impossible with her as ever. She sat down and wrote a few words, and despatched them immediately.

The same night Mr. Godwin returned this answer:

"I have just heard from Rumor of your lately cancelled engagement, of whose existence I never before had a suspicion. I was unintentionally in the wrong to write to you yet awhile; had I known this fact, I should not have done so. Your answer is precisely what, under the circumstances, I ought to expect, but your heart is now free—and while there is life there is also hope.

"R. F. G."

Strange to say, this pertinacity did not annoy Rachel. She put the note away, and tried to make the subject pass from recollection. It was provokingly obstinate, however, and she never quite succeeded. Meantime she went about her duties in that quiet, patient way, that spoke of trials met and conquered; yet was her vitality of character weakened by her late contact with the mysteries of Spiritualism. She was aware of this herself, and fervently longed for her once ignorance of things, the knowledge of which was purchased at the price of moral courage. Oppressed with the burden of her experiences, she thirsted for the old times, when she had no awe of the thousand hidden eyes watching her from those spheres above of which Freeland Ogilvie had so often told her. At times her brain rebelled against the load forced upon it, and she felt the darkness of insanity hovering over her.

But with the clear Autumn came renewed vigor and strength both of body and mind. The brisk, cheerful days of the departing year counteracted the lassitude produced by the heat of the summer; and partially unsettled reason regained its throne in regal triumph at its victory over things material.

Time passed on. It was now November. White, freshly fallen snow lay on the ground. It had come early that year, and many leaves were still hanging crimsoned on their boughs. The trees were loaded with light, fleecy fragments of snow, among which these brilliantly dyed leaves gleamed out in strongly marked contrast, like blood on a woman's fair face.

Winter seemed fairly to have begun his career. It was the day before that appointed for the trial of the Hills, who, owing to wilful neglect on the part of the proper authorities, had long been awaiting it in close confinement in jail.

Rachel had long desired to visit this man and woman—and this day, the moment she found herself free from school restraint, she set out for the obscure part of the village in which they were confined. She found the spot without difficulty, and at the door of the prison very unexpectedly encountered Mr. Godwin. On seeing her, he said, gently,

"It is of no use. They will not admit you to see these people. They must not be tampered with before their trial."

"It is not my intention to tamper with them," said Rachel, somewhat proudly.

"I beg pardon for my unintentional offence."

He smiled, and before she was aware of his design, had quietly placed her hand on his arm, and they were proceeding in the direction of the Lodge.

"I have seen them," he said at length, "but only in virtue of my office as a clergyman."

And they walked on again in silence. Once Rachel made an effort to withdraw her hand, but the tightened pressure of Mr. Godwin's arm prevented.

"He is a tyrant," she thought indignantly, singularly out of humor with herself; "he is one of those who rule women by mere physical force. I, for one, will not submit!" and by a dexterous second attempt she placed her hand at liberty.

Mr. Godwin looked surprised, but said nothing, and did not at all lessen the space which Rachel coolly placed between them as they passed along.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, presently, and with that accent of quiet amusement, which Rachel had so often remarked in his voice.

She did not reply.

Instinctively she felt that this interview was in some important respect to influence her life, and she determined, with all the hearty rebellion of her independent nature, that Fate should in no way be accelerated by herself.

"Why do you not ask me something of the Hills, since I have seen them and you cannot?"

Still no answer.

"Never was I so glad of any visit in my life," Mr. Godwin continued, "for I heard from them—the woman I should say—of the goodness and kindness of one, of whom, in preference to all others, it is my happiness to hear."

Evidently Rachel disdained the insinuation. She blushed slightly, and gathering a fleecy handful of snow, crumpled it between her gloved fingers.

"The intelligence had not, however, the novelty of newness, because I was always aware that you—that the young person I spoke of, had a benevolent and charitable heart, notwithstanding that her benevolence and charity never seemed to be extended to myself."

She smiled.

"What could you expect?" said Rachel, casting down her ball of snow, and facing him; "what could you expect as the result of a pertinacious persecution that gave me no peace? What could you expect?",

"Good for evil—the golden rule."

"There are times when the exercise of the golden rule ceases to be practicable," she said, coloring. "May your forbearance never be tried as you have tried mine."

"You seem to have survived it," Mr. Godwin said, with the least touch of bitterness. "Rachel, all this is past and gone. You can scarcely wish more fervently than I, that—"

He ceased walking, looking earnestly at her drooped face.

"You are free now, and capable of giving me the unbiased final answer which then you were not; because your heart, if not engaged, was preoccupied. Once more, and for the last time, I ask you to be my wife. There is no other woman whom I respect and honor as I do you—there is no other to whom—"

"Respect, honor!" she echoed scornfully, turning away, and walking rapidly over the crisping snow, "I wed no man for those."

"Why do you interrupt?" he said, following. "What is love if unfounded on respect and honor? On them is reared the highest, the noblest love of all; and thus, *thus*, Rachel Olio, *I love you*. I did not once—I say it frankly—but I may have deceived even myself. It seems to me now as though I had known and loved you always. Will you show me something to live for, Rachel? something to enrich my blank, dull life? I am stagnating, perishing for lack of human love, and you alone can give it me!"

She raised her head firmly. Steadfastly her eyes sought and met his own.

"Zillah?" she questioned, slowly, distinctly enunciating the two syllables. And she thought she saw a sudden pallor cross the calm, intellectual features of Richard Fayette Godwin.

"What of her?" he asked, unshrinkingly meeting her gaze.

"Nothing," she answered; and as they were now at the Lodge, slightly inclining her head, she left him and entered the garden.

The holidays were come. The glad Christmas was at hand, and St. Mary's Lodge was deserted, excepting here and there a poor girl in that desolate plight—without a home. Snow was again on the ground, and the brisk sound of jingling sleigh bells filled all the brisk atmosphere. It was almost twilight. Alone in her room sat Rachel, striving for peace, internal peace.—Seldom before had such harsh thoughts wrestled in her brain. Everything was doubt. Her way through life seemed to lie before her hidden in cloud and mist, and yet beyond this obscurity she knew that there lay a peaceful path, serene with sunlight and dew, over which, if once attained, her feet might wander securely forevermore. But as she attempted to penetrate the dusky barriers, the path vanished. Oppressed, saddened, she left her now dreary chamber, and went down stairs, thinking to drown thought in some old book of choice reading from the dining-room shelves. As she passed the door of Mrs. Griscomb's parlor, she heard that lady's voice from within loudly pronouncing her own name. Under the impression that she was summoned, Rachel listlessly turned the knob and entered. Mrs. Griscomb was not alone. Standing before the large, bright fire was Mr. Godwin, and the girl detected at once the slight contraction on his forehead.

Mrs. Griscomb's cheeks were flushed, and her brown eyes brilliant with light; as Rachel came forward there fell a dead silence on both, which bore as much discomfort as meaning to the intruder.

"Did you call?" asked the young girl, simply.

"I! call you?" Mrs. Griscomb moved sharply around, and eyed her in keen, haughty derision. "No, why should I? but you have come in wise time; your intrusion, to say the least, is opportune."

Her short, forced laughter filled all the little room.

To Rachel no interpretation was necessary. Instinctively she understood all, as for a moment she stood irresolute, undecided whether to go or stay.

"You have arrived in time to witness only the conclusion of the comedy," continued Mrs. Griscomb, "but perhaps your unobtrusive tact and womanly dignity will assist you to guess at the plot, though the *denouement*, to be sure, is not very suggestive."

"I think it is," said Mr. Godwin, dryly; "if I may be pardoned for my thought."

Mrs. Griscomb turned upon him with fierce, exaggerated asperity.

"You dare, you *dare* to say so? Go," she said, bitterly, "both of you. Proclaim to the world as speedily as possible the new tale of spicy scandal. Serve it up with delicate rhetorical condiment that shall make it palatable to all. Dilate largely on the beautiful widow, who, lured to the confession by a noble, saintly man, ventured at last to utter to him the history of her heart. Say with what lofty coldness the saint received the proffer of her hand; how he told her, beautiful as she was, that she was unwomanly, and wanting in the modesty of her sex. Speak warmly of the scorn with which he rejected her and her gold, (for she was rich, although only an humble school-teacher;) but I implore you never breathe a word of his hypocrisy, nor even hint how a long while this seeming saint fawned before the widow, and at the same time in secret wooed her governess. It is not worth while at all to mention how nervously he hesitated between the two, drawn first this way and then that. These latter circumstances, my dear friends, will, I am sure, rest always between us; but for the first, who shall not say the world has a right to know them? Do I speak in riddles, Miss Olio, or can your broad and clear understanding interpret me?" A thin, mocking smile curled her lips, which, strange to say, only the more lit up her marvellous beauty. But it was like that ghastly, vivid lightning whose momentary effects are both magnificent and appalling.

Again the same deep, uncomfortable silence fell on the trio. Rachel looked uneasily towards Mr. Godwin, but his face, schooled into impassibility, revealed nothing. At length, quickly, impulsively he spoke:—

"Rachel, do you believe me to be the wretched deceiver you have just heard me represented? Have you faith in me, or have you not?"

When was silence so startled before as by those impatient tones?

For a while there was no answer, and when it came it was tremulous and indistinct.

"I have faith in you."

"I thank God for that!" he said fervently, "and give you my word that your confidence is not misplaced. Never, by word or deed, have I consciously endeavored to win the love of any woman but yourself, excepting once, years and years ago."

Rachel colored deeply at the last words.—Articulating rapidly, almost wildly, she exclaimed,

"The present does not excite me, for I have faith in you, as I have already said. It only remains to all of us to deplore this mistake that has occurred on one side. But as to the past," she hesitated, then gathering together all her usual serenity of manner, "one thing must be openly divested of its obscurity. Zillah?"

"Zillah!" Mr. Godwin repeated with a quiet smile he would have repressed had it been possible, "and is that all? Why did you break from me so suddenly when you asked this question before? On my honor as a Christian gentleman, I declare to you that Zillah was naught to me. She was bequeathed to me on the friendless death-bed of her mother, and soon became as dear to me as though she had really been my own child—daughter as she was of the woman whose falsehood has embittered all my past life. Do not start, do not tremble so, my child. She is dead now, and I have loved none as I love you, with all the sincerity of a purified and experienced manhood. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," she said, while her look was more eloquent than the word. And where before all was doubt in the breast of Rachel Olio, sprang up new born peace.

The setting sun until then had shone but dimly. At this moment it burst in glory from the cloudy masses that hid it from the world, and slowly descended to the blue west. The last golden rays fell through the casement on the three inmates of the little room, then solemnly faded into universal twilight.

They were walking one Sabbath afternoon, Richard Godwin and his wife, among the gravestones in the little church-yard, reading the half obliterated inscriptions, and pointing out to each other whatever quaint or curious devices attracted attention. The services of the day were over, and the congregation of village worshippers had long since scattered to their quiet homes.

Everything in that secluded burial ground bore the marks of age. The moss-covered monuments were overshadowed by venerable, gnarled trees, whose long branches swept the ground as they moved in the wind. Here and there the doors of some of the vine-clad tombs lay unhinged and broken amid the tall, rankly luxuriant grass; the action of the elements having spared but few dates and names that might reveal whose resting places they had once been. The white outlines of the church itself, boldly and sharply defined against the unbroken background of the darkening evening sky, added to the sombreness of the neglected spot, seeming to stand there like a patient sentinel weary of solitude.

As though by mutual consent, Rachel and Richard Godwin finally approached Zillah O'Brian's grave. As they neared it a man rose from beside it, where he had lain hidden in the grass, and disappeared among the ancient monuments. Rachel caught a glimpse of his face, and though it was swollen with weeping, she recognized the handsome, discontented features that had so startled her with their forlorn beauty, a long while before, the first Sabbath she crossed the threshold of her husband's church.

"It is Miles O'Brian, Zillah's father," said Mr. Godwin in a low voice; and as they returned to the parsonage he repeated to Rachel a long, sad story of his unhappy career.

She listened to the account of O'Brian's desertion of his family, his wild dissipation abroad while his wife and child were starving in obscurity, and blessed kind Providence for her own lot of secure tranquillity.

"I am glad he was weeping," she said, "for his tears may have been those of repentance."

The End.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Oh! that is quite a different affair!" exclaimed Helen, blushing at being caught in her own words; and hastening to do away with the unlucky impression she had made, she continued her story—

"My next worshiper was—who do you think?"

"How do I know—when you try to turn the heads of all you meet, only for your own amusement! Tell me who it was."

"But you'll tell?"

"No I won't—I am not so proud of your flirting, as to speak of it."

"Well, it was Wakefield Brunton."

"I don't believe it!" bluntly exclaimed Blaise.

"Oh! well, in that case, of course our talk is at an end."

"I beg your pardon, Helen! I only mean to say you are making fun of me."

"I am not. It is fact I am telling you. Wake really *did* pay his 'distresses' to me! He was a little different from the other two; he was one of your sentimental sort. We were coming home from a blackberrying in July. He was very silent and somewhat pale. I don't know whether that latter was a part of the programme of performance or whether it was accidental, and that he couldn't help it. But after sauntering by my side a little while, he said, 'Helen, stop and sit down. I have something to say to you.' 'Can't you say it just as well going along, Wakefield?' I asked. 'Well, I suppose I can,' he said. 'Dear Helen, I do not know how long it is since I began to love you, nor did I know how much till lately. I am one of few and plain words. Dearest Helen, will you become the beloved wife of a poor but honest man?' 'Hem-m-m!' said I, 'the *honesty* is certainly very tempting—it is scarce and high! but the *poverty*, my dear Wake, the market is overstocked, choked with that article; it is a perfect drug; every one is anxious to dispose of what he has on hand at any price; while no one can be found willing to purchase on any terms. We cannot make a bargain, Wake. Honesty is attractive, but too costly to be in much demand—while poverty is altogether unsalable goods. Excuse me.' *He did.*"

"I believe you! I wonder how many times since he has thanked his blessed stars that you did not take him!"

"Don't be invidious, Blaise. My next idolator was—"

"There! you needn't tell me any more of your triumphs, Helen! I know you well enough! I know how you smile on men and draw them on and on, until they make fools of themselves, and then laugh at them! You are a female Momus!"

"*Comus*, you mean, don't you? or Circe?"

"I mean a wicked witch!"

"Oh, poor little intellectual Dora! what an accomplished classical scholar you will have for a husband!"

"Now, there you are again, Helen? Now, don't!"

"Well, don't exasperate me, then, but listen while I tell you what my next—"

"No, you needn't, Helen! only tell me over again what Wakefield Brunton said. I like his way of putting the question best! It sounded frank and straight-forward, and expressed my own feelings exactly."

"Well, then, pay attention, and repeat the words after me, if you want to learn them. He said, 'Dear Helen'"—

—"Yes! but *I* must say, 'Dear Theodora!'"

"Of course you must—listen, then! 'Dear Theodora, I do not know how long it is since I first began to love you—'"

—"Yes, but I do know! It is ever since I first saw her at the party at Mount Storm!" interrupted Blaise.

"Well, then, *tell* her so, in so many words! and don't try to borrow another man's language, when it does not even apply to your own case!" said Helen, out of all patience.

"I don't wish to, I am sure, where it don't suit. But tell me that about the 'poor but honest man'—for *that* hits my case and speaks my mind exactly."

Helen complied, and "beat the words into his head until he had learned them by heart," as she afterwards expressed it. "And now," concluded Helen, "that you have your speech at your tongue's end, you must so time your visit to Mount Storm that you reach there just *after* daylight, and yet *before* candlelight. Then ask to see Theodora. They will understand, and in-

vite you into a vacant parlor, and which in twilight is so dusky that you cannot see to blush. When Theodora comes in, rise and meet her, hand her a chair, take one by her side, and with what preliminaries the time suggests, deliver your speech. Your alternative is to do that or lose her."

"I'll do it," said Blaise.

According to this programme the play proceeded up to a certain point, and then—but we anticipate. The next day a little after sunset, Basil Wildman presented himself at the front door of Mount Storm. Basil was in his best looks, if that could be said to be best which had never been good. But Helen had superintended his toilet. She had brushed his coat, varnished his boots, tied his cravat, combed and waxed his stiff red hair, which she declared to be as sharp and prickly as flax hackles; and finally had smoothed his hat and set it on his head, given him his neatly cleaned and mended gloves, and turned him round about, concluded he might "do," and dismissed him.

And now Blaise stood knocking at the hall door of Mount Storm. He was admitted by old Pharaoh, who invited him into the drawing-room, and said that he would call the ladies.

"No," faltered Blaise, "only Miss Theodora."

And while Pharaoh was gone to do his bidding, Blaise waited, thinking the minutes hours, and wondering at the unusual length of the twilight. And yet at last, Theodora entered too soon for his composure. And he must have lost his self possession in all manner of nervousness, but that when his eyes fell on the figure of his little lady-love, her delicate, spiritual beauty, and fluttering, crippled movement towards him, made him utterly forget himself, and think only of her; drew out his whole heart towards her in the tenderest compassion, with the yearning desire to shield and defend her from all possible harm, to surround her with such care and comfort as only such deep and pure affection as that which burned within his own heart for her could supply. And as he went to meet her, this warm, pure, unselfish love, gave something of grace to the awkward, ungainly form, and somewhat of melody to the coarse, rough voice, and some degree of free utterance to the hesitating mind. And when he led her to a seat, he stood half embracing the chair on which she rested, and asked when Dr. Throgmorton thought of leaving.

She answered, "On Wednesday week."

"And—are you going with them, Dora?"

"I do not know. Nothing has been said about it."

"Oh! do not think of going, Dora. You never could bear either the long journey to Texas, or the rough life in that wild country. I came here this evening on purpose to beseech you not to think of going."

"Why, Basil—"

But he had sunk down by her side, as if however without the least diminution of tender reverence, to draw nearer to her; and half kneeling and half embracing the chair that held her, with the natural eloquence that deep, strong, earnest, fervent feeling lends the most untutored nature, he poured forth the history of his love. He told her that before he had known her, he had never *loved*, and scarcely indeed had *lived*; that his life had been a mere round of work, food and sleep; and not much higher than that of the oxen that ploughed his fields. But that she had awakened his heart and his brain, and quickened a host of beautiful thoughts and affections, that all turned to her as their inspirer and their object.

The instructions of Helen were quite forgotten, all art was forgotten, pure affection only was remembered, truth and nature only expressed. Theodora heard him in silence and in deep emotion, for every glowing word he breathed revealed also the hidden yearning of her own soul towards another. It was true that for that other she could never be anything dearer than the little friend and protege; yet, at least, she must never hold a nearer relation than that to any one. But from the depths of her gentle heart, she compassionated the disinterested lover, whom she must soon dismiss to leave her presence, taking disappointment with him. And yet how should she speak the words that must give such great pain to one who perhaps loved her more than did any other in the whole world. She could find no language gentle and grateful and soothing enough in which to couch her rejection. She dropped her head upon her bosom, and covered her face with her hands. But that did not prevent the tears revealing themselves by stealing through her fingers. Basil felt encouraged by her gentle emotion, and essayed to remove her hands. But immediately and voluntarily dropping them, she said,

"Dear Basil, I always loved you like a dear brother, and always shall. Please try to forget that you ever thought of me in any other light, and *I* shall forget what you have said.

There was a pause, interrupted at length by Basil, who, in a choking voice, faltered,

"Do you mean, Theodora, that I have no hope—no hope of—of—"

"Yes, dear Basil, that is what I mean. I shall never change my—name, Basil, as it is not right indeed that I ever should."

"Why? Dearest Dora, why?"

Theodora raised her eyes in one expressive, mournful glance, that said more eloquently than words could have spoken,

"Out of my studio I am quite helpless," and dropped them again.

Basil understood, and hastened to assure her earnestly, fervently, that her helplessness did but bind him closer to her service, that all he wished to live for was to promote her comfort and happiness, and he was going on in the same strain, when Theodora gently raised her hand and stopped him.

"Don't, dear Basil. You cannot immolate your life upon that of a poor invalid like me. No, be silent! I only weep because I must say no; but though it is said, painfully, falteringly, believe me it is a decision irrevocable as if it were sternly sworn. Let us forget what has been said, and be brother and sister as before."

"Good-bye! God bless you, Theodora! As to our being brother and sister as before—I shall never see your sweet face again. And—and he who cannot love you better may have better success—but—in any event—God forever bless you!"

And Basil pressed her hand and was gone—out before the candles were in, and galloping home through the short winter twilight.

"Rejected! rejected!" he exclaimed to Helen, who met him at the horse block.

"Rejected! Come in and tell me all about it, and don't look so woe begone! I'll warrant it is nothing of a rejection after all."

Basil tied his horse, leaving him for a groom to take away, and followed Helen into the parlor that was just now empty of living furniture. He threw himself despairingly upon a wooden settee, and in a broken, disjointed style, related what had passed at the interview.

"Pooh! don't you see she is not more than half in earnest? Try again," said Helen.

"No, I have bid her good-bye, forever. I would not trouble her again for the world. It would be rude to repeat my proposal after what she said," moaned Basil.

"Nonsense! you needn't trouble her again. Go to her aunt."

"Helen! if you think I would to save my life from *death*, or what is more, to save it from despair, do anything that is not upright and straightforward to get Dora, you are very much mistaken. If the little, delicate creature can't like such a great brute as I am, she can't, and it is no wonder, that is all. I'd cut my tongue out before it should speak a word to her guardians to give her annoyance."

"How little you know of girls," said Miss Helen, competently, "or you would know how much they sometimes like being coaxed and persuaded into doing just what they are inclined to do. Only get Mrs. Throgmorton to *plead* your cause with Theodora."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Well do I know, should Mrs. Throgmorton favor my cause, what style of *pleading* she would use with her dependent niece. No! I would not set her on my poor, dear, little wounded bird—if it were to save my soul from death!" and getting up, as if sick of the interview, Basil left the room.

Helen paused in deep thought—"What spell," she cogitated, "has that little, pale transparency over the hearts of men? How has she charmed Austin, high born, wealthy, proud and fastidious as he is? How has she fascinated his opposite, my poor, ignorant, boorish brother, and so metamorphosed him that he is beginning to think and feel—to have delicate scruples and aspiring ideas!—actually, by slow degrees coming on, I should not wonder—to be a gentleman!—perhaps—who knows? a scholar! Well! Austin must be given up, and Basil must be accepted! But it is *I* who shall have to accomplish it all, and in less than two weeks too! And to do it I must see Mrs. Throgmorton to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONSPIRACIES.

With a little hoard of maxims,
Preaching down a daughter's heart.
—*Tennyson*

Accordingly, the next morning, Helen Wildman went over to Mount Storm, and asked to see Mrs. Throgmorton, alone. That lady was deep in the business of packing up, and with some surprise and impatience at the interruption, and perplexed conjecture as to its cause, left her work and went into the parlor to receive her visitor.

Helen had come upon an errand that would have confused almost any other agent than herself. But bashfulness was not her besetting weakness.

Smiling archly, she arose and came forward to meet and shake hands with her hostess. When that ceremony was over—

"Mrs. Throgmorton, I have come courting," she said.

"Courting—Miss Helen!"

"Yes, ma'am! a curious errand for a young lady, this not being leap year."

"You are—incomprehensible, Miss Helen."

"And you—are excessively busy? I understand that, Mrs. Throgmorton, and will take up as little of your precious time as possible; and I will, if we come to an understanding, stay and help you the remainder of the day."

"No, I did not mean that, Helen—but what is it you mean?"

"Why, that I have come to *court* you for your influence with Theodora, on behalf of my poor, love-sick, broken-hearted brother Blaise," said Helen, laughing.

"Well! what can I do? How far has this matter proceeded?"

"To the awful ultimatum of a rejection. He proposed yesterday—was refused—and now only defers committing suicide, until he can decide as to the best manner of making away with himself," said Helen, still laughing.

"Really! and he so seriously disappointed?"

"To the verge of madness and death."

"Pooh! I never can make you out, Helen. Is this really so, or are you jesting?"

"I am solemnly in earnest, though I *did* laugh," said Helen, gravely.

"Absurd! but it serves Basil rightly. He should have spoken to *me* first. Go home, Helen, and send him back to me—I can promise him a better answer."

"Ay! but hear me a moment, Mrs. Throgmorton. My honest brother is afflicted with crotchets. One of his crotchets is a strong objection to have Theodora *influenced* in his favor; his idea is that her response to his affection must be entirely voluntary, nay, spontaneous as his own feeling. So, you see, if you and I are to put our heads together to make these lovers happy in spite of themselves, or rather their whims, we must use management. I do not deny that I am very anxious to have Basil marry Theodora. I think marriage would be the making of him."

"I understand you, Helen. I must say that I honor the delicate scruples of Basil, needless as I think them. And I approve your sisterly affection and solicitude, Helen. So few people would give the gipsy Helen credit for so much love and wisdom."

Helen fidgetted uneasily, made a mocking and *self*-mocking grimace, and then said—"It is so purely disinterested on my part also."

"I am sure of it. Now in this affair *I* know what to do. You are only, when you return home, to persuade Basil of what is the truth, namely, that his rejection yesterday evening, meant nothing at all. Feed his hopes. I will be at work in the meantime with Theodora—and when all is ready, I will send and let you know. But—we are liable to interruption here; come up into my room, where we can talk over this matter without the fear of intrusion."

And thither the two conspirators repaired to elaborate their plans. An hour passed, and Helen came out and returned home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?" "Oh, yes! I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now." (Spoken in a modest manner.)

☞ ODD IDEA OF HAPPINESS.—There is no accounting for taste; and the taste indicated in the following announcement is one of the most unaccountable:—"A family residing in the country will be happy to take charge of a lady or gentleman addicted to intemperance. Apply to H. M."

☞ DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.—A French surgeon maintains that far-sighted or near-sighted persons may acquire the perfect power of vision by mere practice. He asserts this as the result of his own experience, and condemns the use of spectacles as injurious.

☞ When loco foco matches were first invented, they were sold for 5 cts. a box. They now sell for 25 cts. a gross.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons reading in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER. The kind remarks of a "subscriber" are fully appreciated.

☞ "Emma, or The Love of a Bashful Youth," was received, but is respectfully declined. Our correspondent must remember that a tale must be very well written, to find admittance into the Post. We always prefer that only one side of a sheet should be written on.

A. B. We never insert any item of news but what we have reason to believe is true. As to the paragraph you speak of, we have seen no denial of it, and we *know* that equally absurd things are stated in France and Italy every year. Our personal friends who have travelled in those countries, have related to us so many instances of superstitious folly, that we are scarcely surprised at anything. Send us the refutations you allude to, whenever you see them. We like "fair play," but will publish *facts* as they appear, without regard to what sect or party they favor, or what sect or party they hurt.

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude in the present paper the novelet of ZILLAH, which, so far as we have heard, is generally considered an admirably written story, fully up to the high standard of the Post.

Our next novelet will be of a less spiritual, and more outward and adventurous character. It is styled

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;
A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

We design commencing this novelet by the well-known poet, Duganne, in our next number. As near as we can judge, it is about the same length or perhaps even a trifle longer than "Zillah." Those feeling a friendly interest in the Post, will find this an excellent opportunity for obtaining new subscriptions.

QUAKERISM.

Charles Lamb, in his delightful "Essays of Elia," speaking of the English branch of the "Society of Friends," says "that when they came up in bands to the Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like *troops of the shining ones*."

This passage is annually recalled to our mind, as we behold the long lines of pure and stainless white and drab garments, streaming to and from the places where the female members assemble, during what are called the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting weeks. Certainly there is something very spiritual in these white and shining dresses—something, in reality, and not only in mere imagination, allied to the redeemed in heaven. The Scripture speaks of white as the vesture of the saints—and the Swedenborgians, or the "New Church," as they prefer to be called, carrying out the idea, make white the necessary symbol of the true and the pure, while black is the representative and adjunct of the depraved and sinful. In conformity with this view, it is held by some Swedenborgians that the negro races have departed most widely from the perfect moral nature as bestowed upon Adam; and, becoming sunk in vice and licentiousness, have lost in proportion their original brightness. A little inconsistent with this, to be sure, is the statement of Swedenborg that the most highly developed race of men in the world exists unknown in the interior of Africa—perhaps, one might judge, somewhere in the neighborhood of the mountains of the *Moon*—and that a rather larger proportion of *white* spirits from black bodies are to be found in the spiritual universe, than from the white bodied races themselves. But such inconsistencies, if we are not much mistaken, are not uncommon in the "revelations" of the great Swedish philosopher.

But "to return," as the French say, "to our sheep"—a phrase very applicable in this connection. Peculiar attention had been attracted to the yearly meeting of the Orthodox branch of the Friends, held in this city last week, in consequence of the general belief that another separation was inevitable. Probably every reader of the Post is aware that some twenty or thirty years ago a grand separation of the Society in this country took place—the two divisions being generally known to the *world* by the respective titles of Orthodox and Hicksites; each division of course calling itself by the old title, "The Society of Friends." The origin of that first division we take to be simply this:—

The "Society of Friends," as originally constituted by George Fox and his coadjutors, was a religious society without a written creed. But as every political society must have its Constitution—whether written, like that of the United States, or unwritten like that of England—so every religious society necessarily must have its creed, its peculiar belief, whether said creed be reduced to a certain number of articles, or exist only in the records, the most valued sermons and religious works, and the venerated traditions of the society. Now the great foundation stone of the unwritten creed of the "Society of Friends," as originally established, was the doctrine of the "Inward Light." Agreement in this was considered necessary to admission into the society—it was not only the cardinal principle, but almost the very Alpha and Omega of Quakerism—and the proselyte who was fully converted upon this point, was asked very few questions, if any, relative to his views upon the Trinity or the Atonement. Still, it seems very evident to us, that the doctrines of the Trinity and Atonement, as generally understood by the other Christian sects of that day, were not accepted by the original Friends. They seem to us to have occupied a somewhat indefinite position on the wide doctrinal ground which lies between what is now called Unitarianism on the one hand, and Trinitarianism on the other. They objected to the term Trinity that it was nowhere to be found in the Scriptures—thereby implying, though in a very cautious and guarded manner, that the idea which it represented was not there either. While, on the other hand, they seem to have earnestly recoiled from the opposite view that the Saviour was merely the greatest of the prophets, the best of all good men.

In truth, we believe that the early Quakers scarcely attempted strictly to define their views upon this question, even to themselves. That the Saviour was more than man, but less than God—the beloved agent and subject of the Father—seems to us to have been their belief as a society, from the beginning. And the texts relied upon by the Unitarians, as well as those relied upon by the Trinitarians, were quoted and enforced with equal unction by their preachers and writers, according to their leanings to one side or the other—the tendency towards taking a spiritual view of everything that could be spiritualized, preventing that clashing which some might think would be a necessary result of such latitudinarianism.

For, it must be remembered that the whole mind and soul of the society was permeated by its main doctrine, to which we have before alluded, of the "Inward Light." This was the great Central Idea of the society—and without a clear understanding of which, it can never be correctly understood.

The "Inward Light" of the Quakers is not, as many seem to suppose, what the phrenologist calls the faculty of Conscientiousness, and the moralist simply Conscience. A "Light" is not a perception or a faculty. They mean by this phrase, *a divine illumination of the conscience*. They hold, with most other religionists, that all true wisdom is from above. And that by bringing the mind into a quiet, patient, prayerful state, it will be divinely illuminated, so that it will be able to perceive that course which the highest wisdom and duty enjoin it to pursue. Religionists generally would probably term this the visitation of the Holy Spirit—whether more or less correctly, it is not our province, as a simple recorder of facts, to determine. The Quakers sometimes so term it themselves, but they more frequently call it, the "Light Within," "Christ Within, the Hope of Glory," "That light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world," &c. In so-thought conformity to the last of the above Scriptures, the early Quakers held that the Light Within appeared with a greater or less degree of illumination, to every individual born into the world, whether called Christian or Pagan—and that obedience to it was sufficient for salvation, whether the individual had ever heard of the appearance of the Saviour in the flesh, or not. And, in illustration of this view, one of their leading advocates—we think William Penn—collected from the writings of the distinguished sages of the heathen world, a large number of passages, proving, as he thought, their experience of this same inward and spiritual revelation.

Starting with a correct understanding of this cardinal principle of early Quakerism, the reflective reader will perceive how the society became obnoxious to the other religious sects of the country. For what was this profession of the Inward Light, but a profession of Inspiration—and, making, as the society did, this "Light Within," and not the Bible, the "*primary* rule of faith and manners;" for, said the Quakers, the Scriptures are but a record of the Light, and not the Light itself; it was urged against them that they were persuading the people to trust in a mere ignis-fatuus of the imagination, to the degrading of the authority of the revealed and written word.

The only answer that the Quakers could make to this, was the assertion that the Light, in its inward and outward manifestations, could never contradict itself. And that they were willing to be judged by the Scriptures—admitting that if any one professed to be taught by the Light Within contrary to the teachings of the Scriptures, he was suffering under a gross delusion. But where then, was it asked, is the use of your Light Within? To this they answered, that in order correctly to understand the true meaning of any writer, it was necessary to be baptized into the spirit in which he wrote—that the Scriptures were grossly misinterpreted, because men sought with the mere outward and worldly vision, to understand that which was only to be spiritually discerned—and that therefore the Light Within was absolutely necessary if one would even correctly appreciate the teachings of the written revelation.

It will be noticed that this latter view is not very different from that which now generally obtains, as to the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit being necessary for a correct understanding of the precepts of the Bible.

But this answer, as given above, was not considered sufficient by the opponents of the Quakers—as indeed it was not, in one sense, for it avoided the very gist of the controversy—which was this: If the teachings of the Inward Light and of certain texts of Scripture, as we have them in the authorized translation, should conflict beyond all possibility of reconcilement, which will you hold to, and which reject? No Quaker who was clear-minded enough to be consistent with himself, could hesitate in his decision, however cautiously and enigmatically, to avoid persecution, he might word his answer.—When the Principal and the Agent commanded differently, he must obey the Principal—and therefore the Quakers by hundreds were haled to prison as infidels and deniers of the written Word.

So in relation to the doctrine of the Atonement. If obedience to the Light Within was sufficient for salvation—even in the case of the heathen who had never heard of the outward appearance of the Saviour—the doctrine of the Atonement, as usually held, seemed to be made of little effect.

We might enlarge upon the subject in this and other connections, but our object is to say as little as is necessary to a proper understanding of the peculiar religious tenets of the early "Friends."

Occupying, as we have said, a position on the wide doctrinal ground between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism—a position undefined and unrestricted by any written articles of faith—the members of the society naturally inclined towards the one side or the other, in accordance with their peculiar mental constitutions, or, perhaps, the degree of their spiritual enlightenment. There was thus in the society, the Centre, the extreme Right, and the extreme Left—the two extremes differing almost as much from each other as Unitarian from Trinitarian; and occasionally straying over the lines of the society into the Unitarian church on the one side, and the Episcopal on the other. It is a little singular that those who leave the "Friends" on the extreme Trinitarian side, seldom stop short of the Episcopalians. One might think that the congenial plainness of the Methodists, or the simple church government of the Presbyterians, would recommend these sects to seceding Quakers; but the fact is as we have stated it—Episcopacy or Unitarianism, in probably nine cases out of ten, takes the seceding disciple of George Fox.

From the first, in our opinion, there was this difference of views in the society of Friends—but the "Inward Light" being the great bond of the sect, and modifying the views of *all* as to the Trinity and the Atonement, and *all* keeping strictly to the use of Scriptural phrases, no unpleasant clashing for a long period resulted. But the advent of the celebrated Elias Hicks brought these apparently harmonious elements into open conflict. It is our opinion that Elias Hicks might have held the sentiments he did until the day of his death, and proclaimed them too, without any excitement being produced thereby, had he adhered to the long-established precedents of the society in one simple, and as it may strike our readers, unimportant respect—that is, *expressing his views in Scriptural language*. And he could have done that probably, without the least violation of his conscience. But, like the childlike and simple-hearted great man that he was, he abandoned the old formulas, which all agreed were true, no matter which way they seemed to bear, and clothed his thoughts in new and unauthorized words, the meaning and correctness of which were by many disputed. We shall not attempt to decide upon the rightfulness of his course in the highest sense of the word—we wish not to introduce that question here—but we may be permitted to say that he erred, if he cared very greatly to preserve the unity and union of the society. We sometimes incline to the view however, that he thought the society was settling down into a kind of harmonious stagnation, and that the text "first pure, then peaceable," was the one that he had been called upon to maintain.

But the result was, that the society in this country split somewhere about the middle—the half which inclined towards Unitarianism, *without being Unitarian*, going with Elias Hicks, its great leader.

But this splitting is a bad business, when it can be avoided. To be sure, the limb which offends beyond a certain point, is to be cut off—this is true physically and spiritually. But if we begin cutting off our limbs in cases which do not involve the safety of the whole body, we shall soon be entirely limbless. And thus we have seen in the Hicksite branch of the society a tendency to another serious split, and even a real though small secession; while the Orthodox branch, it is now apparent, must again divide into two smaller sections.

As Elias Hicks was the moving cause of the first great split, the late Joseph John Gurney, of England, was the great cause of the one now impending. As Hicks represented the extreme Left, Gurney represented the extreme Right of the society. As the views of the former bordered on Unitarianism, so the views of the latter bordered on Trinitarianism—the society in England generally being now found in a similar position. The preaching of Mr. Gurney in this country, a number of years ago, called out considerable dissent—it being contended that Gurney was departing from the true faith on the one side, as far as Hicks had departed on the other. And the various yearly meetings of the Orthodox Friends have now taken ground upon the subject—the real dispute being often masked behind questions of regularity in the proceedings, church government, &c. Philadelphia yearly meeting—the largest and most "weighty" (to use a common expression of the "Friends")—is, as a body, opposed to Gurney; while the yearly meetings of New England, Baltimore, North Carolina, and Indiana, in the main, favor his views—those of New York and Ohio being divided. New England and Baltimore are also divided—but the secession is so small that those meetings may fairly be classed with the Gurneyites.

At the Philadelphia yearly meeting, just concluded, from two-thirds to three-fourths of the meeting, we are told, were opposed to Gurneyism. The question arose in relation to the reading of the "Epistles" from Ohio—the Epistle from the Anti-Gurneyite, or Wilburite yearly meeting being received as that of the regular body. Neither Epistle from New England or Baltimore was read. The Epistles from North Carolina and Indiana informed the Philadelphia meeting that unless it receded from its acknowledgment of the Wilburite yearly meeting of Ohio, they would refuse any further correspondence with it. The epistles from the New York and the London yearly meetings were not so explicit, though they seemed to menace a similar rupture. But the answers to all of them from the Philadelphia meeting were about the same—it had adopted its course conscientiously, after a long and full examination, and would not recede, be the consequences what they *may*. These answers and other proceedings were repeatedly protested against by the Gurneyite members, but with no effect.

At the close of the yearly meeting, the Gurneyite members held a conference to decide upon their future course. They resolved upon taking no action looking towards a secession, at least for the present. The Friends are as great sticklers for "regular" proceedings as some of the politicians—and it was not seen clearly how they could institute a new Philadelphia yearly meeting without the taint of irregularity clinging to its garments. The fact is they had missed the right moment, which was when the meeting determined upon reading the epistle from the Wilburite section in Ohio. But even a secession at that time, would have been open to just criticism—because the secession of a minority from a majority, the latter fairly installed in the seat of power, always must be irregular.

Probably many of our readers are not aware that questions in the business meetings of the Friends are not decided by vote, or upon the principle of a bare majority ruling, but on the ground of "weight," or "unity," derived from the expression of their opinions by the members present. As the "Clerk"—who prepares the minutes, and is the only officer of the meeting—judges which way that "weight" or "unity" inclines, he necessarily has great power in determining the "regular" decisions of the society. Such a system is a good one—for good men; and that the society of Friends has been able to get along satisfactorily for several hundred years with it, is one of the highest evidences of the great amount of fairness, brotherly kindness and charity which prevails among them. Their rule is, to move "in the unity," as they express it, or not at all. If a very few are opposed to a proposed course of action, after the general expression of sentiment against them, they rise and say that though unconvinced, they are willing to submit to the views of the great majority of the meeting. Where the opposition, though in a minority, is still quite strong, the subject, after a full and free discussion, is generally laid over for another year. In this way, important questions may be postponed one year after another, for many years—until one side either gradually swallows up the other, or a compromise is effected, and a reasonable degree of unanimity thus gained. It was in such a manner that the exciting questions of Slavery and Intemperance were settled by this conscientious, patient, and long-enduring society.

One word more, and we must conclude this notice of our Quaker brethren. The valuable property on Arch street, where the largest and best known of their meeting-houses stands, was bequeathed to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, by William Penn, so long as it should continue in unity with the Yearly Meeting of London. As that union and harmony probably will now soon be broken, it is thought by many that the Courts will oust the present organization from its possession, and give it to a Gurneyite meeting, should such be established. We doubt, however, whether such would be the result of a suit at law—as we think the proviso in question would be considered contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and as dissolved by the Declaration of Independence. But however this might be, we trust that the right to that ground and building will never be brought for determination into a court of law. It is not in accordance with the notions we cherish of the society of Friends, to see them sueing and being sued, before the noisy and quarrelsome tribunals of this world. Many who do not belong to their communion, greatly dislike to behold their character as lovers of peace, and of the sanctity which is in stillness, violated. They like to think of them as a society of Friends in spirit, as well as in name—and of their quiet gatherings, in the words of the quaint and genial author with whom we opened, as a place "where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the Toxous, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. Where you can bathe in stillness! Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half-hour," (long enough for the present writer) "upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!"

THE LETTER H.—Judging from the English magazines, cockneyism must prevail to a frightful extent in the "mother country." We recently clipped the following from a popular journal:

Why is the rightful heir to an estate like the order in which the vowels are placed? Because *E* stands before I or U.

No American editor would tolerate such an atrocious conundrum—but it will doubtless go the rounds of the lighter English periodicals so customary it seems to be, even among the educated classes, to misuse the A. We know an Englishman who, talking about a certain kind of kitchen ranges last summer, said to us, "They 'eat the hovens with 'ot hair."

The same gentleman regularly called our dog Hector 'Ector—which caused a witty young lady of our family to say that he should have been told at first that the dog was called 'Ector; as he would then, with the perversity of his tribe, undoubtedly have added the h, and called him by his right name.

THE NEW LIQUOR BILL, reported by the minority of the Massachusetts Legislature, proposes to leave the whole subject to the several cities and towns to decide whether any, and if any, how many persons shall be licensed in each to sell intoxicating and other liquors, under such regulations as the local municipal authorities may from time to time prescribe. This the Committee who reported the bill think is the only republican and democratic principle upon which this delicate subject can be placed.

Our readers will remember that we some time ago suggested such an arrangement as is proposed above, as a settlement of the question in Pennsylvania. And while we have no particular objection to the License Bill recently passed, we still should have preferred allowing each city and county to determine its own course in the matter. We not only think this action the most republican, but we also think it the most expedient. And not the least of its advantages, that it would remove the question of Temperance out of the field of general politics, and leave it to be decided in each county almost entirely upon its merits.

TYRANNICAL AND FOOLISH.—The London *Sun* having appeared in mourning columns on the announcement of peace with Russia, the numbers sent to France were stopped at the French Post Office. The *News* and the *Advertiser* also were seized. *Punch* no doubt is prohibited entirely, on account of the fun it recently has been poking at Louis Napoleon and the baby. The picture on our fourth page is taken from *Punch*; and in addition thereto, it has a large engraving of the goddess of Liberty appearing to the Emperor, and asking the very unpleasant question, "*Please may I be godmother?*" Louis Napoleon's face looking the very image of dismay and astonishment at such an audacious question.

NEW LIBEL LAW.—A bill relative to libels passed at the recent session of the legislature of this state. It was amended so as to refer only to *criminal* prosecutions. It is as follows:—

"That, from and after the passage of this act, on the trial of indictments for writing or publishing a libel, the truth of the matter charged as libellous may be given in evidence; and if the jury in any such case shall find that the same is written or published from good motives and for justifiable ends, and the matter so charged is true, it shall operate to the acquittal of the defendant or defendants."

A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL.—The resolution of thanks to Dr. Kane, voted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, have been handsomely transcribed by Mr. W. J. Canby, conveyancer, and signed by the Governor, and the members of the two Houses. It will be exhibited for a few days in the store of E. Newland & Co., Arch street, third door above Sixth, where the public are invited to call and see it. The signatures generally are very well written.

THE LAGER BEER BILL.—We gave in a postscript to our paper last week, the good news of the condemnation of this reckless bill by the State Senate, yeas 9, nays 19. Before the adjournment of the legislature, Mr. Brown (Dem. of this city was elected Speaker—an honor well deserved for his manly and independent course upon the Temperance question, throughout the session.

THE PHILADELPHIA DAILY PRESS.—The "*Daily Times*," of this city, copies our article relative to the want of independence in the Philadelphia daily press, and fully concurs with us. We trust therefore to the *Times* to inaugurate a new era in the annals of our daily journalism. May it be progressive—and in the right direction; a journal of the Present and Future, not of the Past.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—Mrs. L. W., of Erie says:—"I send the following for your housekeeper's department; I have tried it the last four or five years: 'Whoever will soak clothes from twelve to thirty-six hours before washing will find that they can do without patent fluids, &c., and save nearly all the wear of rubbing, too. The clothes may be rubbed without rubbing—any more than to get the loosened dirt.'"

RECEPTION OF MR. BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan was received upon his arrival in New York by the Councils of that city, and a committee of his political friends.

In this city he was received by a committee composed both of political friends and opponents, and conducted to the Merchants' Exchange, where he responded in a short address. In the evening he was serenaded.

The City Councils declined opening Independence Hall for Mr. Buchanan's reception, on the ground that as they decidedly disapproved of his political sentiments, especially as expressed during his recent diplomatic mission, at the Ostend Conference, they could not give him such an endorsement as that would imply.

In his speech at the Exchange, in reply to Mr. Welsh, who addressed him on the part of the Board of Trade, Mr. Buchanan said:

Gentlemen, it is hardly proper for me to speak of the diplomatic business in which I have been engaged on the other side of the Atlantic; but I have been asked, repeatedly—*Is there danger of war?* I think *not*. But it is simply because I believe our country to be so clearly and decidedly in the right, on the questions involved between the two countries, that the British people never will consent to irritate them into a dangerous condition for both parties. Our commerce now covers every ocean; our mercantile marine is the largest in the world. We have the greatest interest of any nation on earth in preserving peace. We ought to cultivate peace with all nations. But there is an interest superior to all these considerations—and that is *our National Honor*. And, if war should ensue—I feel no apprehension of danger at the present moment—if the national honor of this people should ever be insulted by any Government upon the face of the earth, I know that the merchants themselves, who would have the greatest sacrifices to make, would stand by the Country, at the expense of everything human. [Expressions of approbation.]

At the close of Mr. Buchanan's remarks, Mr. Welsh rejoined, in answer to what we have above quoted:

As long as our statesmen speak the truth in love, the United States need not apprehend an "insult" from any civilized nation; therefore, we hope that you may ever continue to be a messenger of the Prince of Peace.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—We see it stated that in the year between July 1854 and July 1855, the French army in the Crimea lost 104,000 men—of whom 60,000 died of disease, chiefly diarrhœa, cholera and dysentery. But the loss *reported* was only 20,000. An English journalist well says:

This was "making things pleasant," and the result has been that, while, by the unsparing exposure of the abuses in our system, defects have been remedied, and ample precautions taken against a recurrence of the like evils, the French abuses have met with no corresponding check, and have continued long after all excuse for them has ceased. Of course, unlimited publicity is not without its drawbacks, but the good so greatly predominates over the evil, that we ought to be thankful it prevails among us; instead of crying out, as some gentlemen afflicted with weak nerves, inveterate prejudices, and bureaucratic sympathies do, that the press should be subject to restraint, and all newspaper correspondents be hung.

A QUERY.—A correspondent at Winneconne, Wisconsin, complains of the millers in that region, because, instead of being content with every eighth bushel, they take one-fourth of the wheat as toll, and very often go deeper. He wishes, therefore, to know which is the best as regards utility and economy, a steam or wind mill. They have plenty of wood for steam, and high banks for wind—but no water power. They are now raising funds to put up one or the other, on a small scale.

Our opinion would be decidedly in favor of a wind mill, with well arranged sails. One of the two that we gave engravings of some time ago, doubtless would do. Wind is cheaper than steam, and more easily managed,—and for a small mill would do almost equally well. Still some of our readers may have a more experimental knowledge of the subject, than we have.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The news since our last is unimportant. Rumored versions of the Treaty of Peace are given, but we prefer waiting a little while, and being certain of having the genuine article. The general opinion that Russia has allowed no small obstacle to stand in the way of a cessation of hostilities is probably true—still the English press seems strongly inclined to denounce the peace, because the expenses of the war were not put upon the Czar. England is hard to get into a war, and hard to get out of one—a very persistent and bull-headed people, those John Bulls.

The steam-frigates have returned from the search after the Pacific—nothing was seen or heard of her. One of them, the Tartar, has again put to sea on the same errand.

QUEER NOTIONS.—They have some strange notions over in the old world. The *Univers*, the leading Roman Catholic journal of France, if not of Europe, laid down in its issue of April 3rd, the following as axioms:

"Railroads are not a progress;
"Telegraphs are an analagous invention;
"The freedom of industry is not progress;
"The invention of gunpowder is not a progress;
"Machines derange all agricultural labor;
"Industrial discoveries are a sign of abasement, and not of grandeur."

THE BLACK SWAN sings in this city, at the National Hall, Market street above Twelfth, on Thursday evening, May 1st, before the "Friendship Lodge, 898, G. U. O. of O. F." Tickets 50 cents.

IMPROVED HORSE SHOES.

Mr. Editor of the Post: As your valuable journal is the medium for information concerning really important inventions, I desire to call attention to an invention which, it seems to me, should interest all lovers of that noblest of all domestic animals, the horse. I refer to Jones's "*Patent Elastic Horse Shoe.*" Wherever it has been introduced, it has at once become universally popular. Its merit consists of being made of German spring steel; into the heel of the shoe a long incision is made, *into* which is inserted vulcanized rubber, extending the length of the "frog," or vascular portion of the foot; and herein consists the great value of the shoe. It *prevents* those universal diseases, such as *corns, quarter-cracks, sore heels, thrush, &c., &c.*, and also *relieves and cures* where disease has already supervened. Such are its merits, substantiated by the most undoubted authority. Any good blacksmith can manufacture them, after purchasing a "right." Messrs. Kellogg & Hammill recently purchased the right for this city. The shoes wear some *four times longer* than the old-fashioned iron shoe. Rights, I understand, can be secured for counties, towns, States, on application to J. O. Jones, Esq., at 876 Chestnut street. Descriptive pamphlets sent *gratis*. To no animal are we so much indebted for pleasure and profit as the horse, and every invention which has for its end the *relief* and *improvement* of this noble animal, should be universally adopted.

LACON, ILLINOIS.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Post:—Having noticed that your columns have been open for articles giving information relative to "The West," I take the liberty of communicating some facts concerning this place and surrounding country. Lacon is the county seat of Marshall County, is situated on the east bank of the Illinois River, 135 miles south-west from Chicago—its population at the present time 2,000, and increasing very rapidly, and from its present rate of improvement the city, (for we have a city government,) must contain a population of from five to ten thousand within five years from this time. It is situated in the centre of a rich and beautiful, if not the best, portion of Illinois. It has the advantage of both water and railroad communication with the rest of the world. The Illinois River is navigable nearly the entire year to La Salle, 85 miles north of this place, and the Rock Island and Bureau Valley Railroad passes by us on the opposite bank of the river. In addition to this, the Western Air Line Railroad, extending in an air line entirely across the State, crosses the river at this place—a considerable portion of this road will be completed the ensuing season, and the remainder in about two years. This connects on the west with a road now being built through Iowa to Council Bluffs, called The Philadelphia, Fort Wayne and Platte Valley Railroad, on the east it connects with a road also in construction to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and at the latter place with the line of roads already in operation to your city, via Pittsburg. The Western Air Line Railroad, as above stated, extends across the State, a distance of about 200 miles, and Lacon is within ten miles of the centre of said line. The principal office, and all the machine and workshops of the Company are located here, and, as soon as the road is completed, Lacon must become one of the first business points of the West. We have an inexhaustible quantity of bituminous coal within one and a half miles of the city, and the place is as healthy as eastern towns. The writer of this has been here about six years, and the only medicine necessary to preserve his bodily health, has been plenty of pork and beans. The facilities here for the successful prosecution of almost every branch of mechanical industry is equal to that of any other point in the Western States—and no better point can be found for the investment of capital, or the employment of mechanical labor. From two to four hundred additional mechanics might find profitable employment here the coming season; the land in the neighborhood is as good as can be found in the Mississippi valley—prices vary according to location, improved farms from $15 to $35 per acre, unimproved from $5 to $15 per acre—and in view of the advantages for shipping grain, &c., afforded by both water and railroad transit, we think the agriculturist will travel far and look long ere finding a more desirable country for a permanent location. If any of your readers who anticipate emigrating to the West desire more minute information about this region, the undersigned will be pleased to answer their inquiries by their addressing him at this place.

FRANKLIN.

MINNESOTA.

A correspondent, in forwarding a list of 28 new subscribers from Caledonia, Minnesota, adds the following:—

"It is with pleasure that I send you the enclosed list of subscribers for your valuable paper, but more so from the fact that, (although increasing in population very rapidly now) two or three years ago there was scarcely a white man to be seen in this section of the country. This Territory is particularly inviting to farmers and mechanics generally, owing to the richness of the soil and the extensive improvements which are being made through this portion of the Territory. The town plat of this place (Caledonia), the county seat of this (Houston) county, is situated on the edge of a high and gently rolling prairie, requires no grading at all, and commands an extensive view of the country adjoining, a profile of which would exhibit almost every variety of feature, and yet every foot of it may be cultivated. Springs of the purest water, and groves of beautiful timber, interspersed over the broad prairies, present a scene of picturesque beauty to the beholder. Altogether Southern Minnesota can safely challenge comparison with the western world in loveliness of climate and fertility of soil."

W.

New Publications.

SKETCHES AND ADVENTURES IN MADEIRA, PORTUGAL, AND THE ANDALUSIAS OF SPAIN. By the author of "Daniel Webster and his Coteraporaries." New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book, as a whole, we do not like, because it is written in the tone of one who takes what is pleasant rather than what is right; but we can make some selections:

THE FIRST MORNING IN MADEIRA.

It was near the close of the day when we landed from our tempest-tossed bark upon the shore. The approaching evening and my battered condition alike indisposed me to investigation. I had no inclination for details—nor, after dinner, for aught else than recuperative sleep. Thus, when I awoke in the morning, I awoke to the fullness of gratified surprise. Throwing open my window curtains to welcome the mountain air, the branch of an orange-tree, deeply laden with mellowed fruit, offered itself to my eye—and, without unnecessary pause, was grasped by my eager hand. Defended by no prohibition, divine or human, I plucked the fruit and ate: and this was, for mornings, the preface of my breakfast. Water from the mountains which overhung the house, two thousand feet in height, furnished me a reinvigorating bath, cold, but not chilling. My ablutions and orisons completed, I descended to the grounds upon which my chamber abutted, to satisfy, by nearer inspection, an imperfect *coup d'œil*. Besides the orange-trees, whose contrasted fruit and foliage enlivened the atmosphere, I saw the curtained pomegranate, the rich banana, the coffee tree, whose fruit rivals the Mocha, the luscious custard-apple, and the perfumed citron, all in unaided abundance. It was realizing a scene in Persian poetry; while the softened air and transparent sky mingled with and harmonized the bounties of the earth.

I partook of breakfast with more than ordinary appetite and gratitude; both strengthened by the luscious freshness of the figs that ushered it in. I felt a self-complacent pity for the man who had never commenced his morning repast with fresh figs. Let no such man be envied.

FAILURE OF THE GRAPE.

But the old hospitality of the island can hardly be kept up. The blight has fallen upon the grape, and there is no longer "fruit in the vine." In former times, no persons anywhere lived more comfortably or sumptuously than the *noblesse de la vigne* of Madeira. They had handsome town houses and elegant country residences, many clubs, and a retinue of servants. They kept an open and a luxurious table. This must all be changed. There are many wealthy residents still; but their former hospitality and large expenditures must decrease with decreasing incomes. Thirty years since, when a house exported annually some hundreds of pipes at a romantic profit, the height of great extravagance even was hardly felt. With regal incomes, these "royal merchants" laughed at all outlays. But with change of times must come change of habits. There can be no exportation of wine, for there are no grapes, and consequently there can be no income. The proprietors, who are now drawing upon their stored wines to keep up their establishments, will soon find that resource exhausted. They must relinquish their old occupation, and devote capital and energy to other pursuits.

THE OLLA PODRIDA.

At dinner that day I encountered for the first time the famous national dish—the *olla podrida*; and as it has had no little influence upon my subsequent destinies—detaining me three months in Spain, and thereby permanently affecting my future—I will speak of it as it is. Its ingredients are various—carrots, peas, carabanzas (a peculiar kind of bean), onions, garlic, lettuces, celery and long peppers, with slices of beef and ham, all boiled together, and served in one dish. To an uneducated stomach it does not seem a savory repast; but, like virtue, the better you become acquainted with it, the more you are attached to it. It is true the garlic is apt to impregnate your breath with other than Sabean odors; but where all participate, none revolt. As with smoking, self-defence, if not inclination, impels its adoption. I entered Spain with a determination to embrace everything Spanish; and I pitched into the olla podrida with an *abandon* that astonished myself. The English at the table—particularly the ladies—took no pains to conceal their repugnance—shrugged their shoulders, turned aside their heads, and abused the absent landlord in good-set terms. However, it is but the first step that costs; the next day some had the courage to taste; and in a few days all seemed to relish this institution.

I grew so enamored of it that, before long, the pungent garlic with which it was seasoned, and the rancid oil with which it was accompanied, became a nature to me; and if any day I was obliged to forego it, in travelling or otherwise, I thought, with the Roman Emperor, "I had lost a day."

THE WALK OF AN ANDALUSIAN LADY.

Still less will I undertake to describe their walk. The heavy strut of the Englishwoman; the senseless wriggle of the French; the affected shuffle of the American "lady"—how weak, how tame, how ridiculous, in comparison with the *aire* of the girl of Cadiz! so natural, and yet so surpassing art. It is upon this the Spanish girl prides herself—and with greatest justice; like Milton's angels, "smooth-gliding without step;" an undulating motion that propels without effort—a natation like the movement of the swan.

☞ ANCIENT LOAF.—A correspondent at Erith, Kent, states that having lately employed a man to lower a bank in his garden, he discovered, about three feet below the surface, a loaf of bread, the inside of which is now in a perfect state of preservation. The bank in question had been left untouched for the space of 33 years.—*English Journal.*

☞ The following is Sir John Ross's method of producing artificially an appearance like that of the Aurora Borealis. He uses a lamp, a lens, a globe, colored as the globe is found to be in the extreme north, and a sponge pressed on a hot iron to produce a cloud-like vapor. With this apparatus, in a darkened room, he produced the phenomenon of white and yellow light, flashing and spreading on the revolving globe.

☞ The Chinese use orange flowers to scent their tea, as well as rose leaves, jasmines, and the blossom of the sweet plum tree.

☞ Prof. Wolf, of Berne, has observed more than five thousand shooting stars since 1851.

☞ Not long since, a certain Peer in Yorkshire, who is very fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who he thought was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they comed."

☞ In a trial at Dumfries, for a theft of nails, the manufacturer and owner of the nails, the witness to identification, was so assured of their being made by him, that Mr. (the late Lord) Jeffrey, counsel for the prisoner, could by no means shake his testimony. "How is it possible for you, sir," urged the learned advocate, "to distinguish this parcel of nails from this?" (showing him another of the same size and description.) "Just as you distinguish one handwriting from another," rejoined he. "That's a nailer," exclaimed a voice from the gallery.

EFFECTS WITHOUT A CAUSE.

Though sages swear, "Without a cause there's no effect"
—'tis mockery:
There are exceptions to all laws—what breaks domestic crockery?—*Punch.*

☞ WHAT MANY FORGET.—Recently one of the most renowned French pulpit orators, the Abbey de Daguerry, observed, in a sermon, "Women now-a-days forget in the astonishing amplitude of their dresses that the gates of Heaven are very narrow."

☞ A pious old negro, who lived in a region where the people were in the habit of getting religion every time a new minister came around, and losing it again before the next quarterly meeting, was once asked how he accounted for these facts in accordance with his belief in the doctrine of the final salvation of all true believers. He replied, "When the people gets religion themselves, they are mighty apt to lose it as quick as they got it; but when religion gets them, it takes hold and holds on, and never lets 'em go until it takes 'em clean up to heaven."

☞ BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—There is a firm in this city the name of which is Lay, Hatch & Co. The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghais.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

☞ Several millers near Manchester, England, have been heavily fined for mixing white clay with their flour. The proportion found in several samples was about two per cent. The Court ordered all the flour they had on hand to be sold for feeding swine, and the proceeds given to the poor.

☞ When the young Princess Royal, of England, was confirmed, the London papers tell us she wore a rich white silk lace gown, with five flounces plaited, the body richly trimmed with white ribbed and Mechlin lace. In other words, she gave herself up to the service of God dressed in the most fashionable style!

☞ There is a physician in Troy who now and then deals in a little sharp practice. Whenever business is dull, he gives a juvenile party, and so crams the rising generations with pastry and lemonade that in less than twenty-four hours, a cholera morbus sets in among "his young friends" that keeps him profitably employed for the next three months.

☞ Among Hoosiers, they call cotton thread "boss," a term few Yankees understand in that way. A fair brunette (!) one day stepped into the store of a young man and bought a dress of the clerk. After it was cut off, she addressed herself to him! "Well, I reckon you'll throw in the 'boss?'" "Certainly," replied the clerk, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear, "we'll throw in the 'boss'—there he is, you're welcome to him."

☞ A colored "gemman," being asked his opinion of the weather, replied in the following literary and miscellaneous style: "After a few more spleviations, I spec de wedder settle down into a state of protracted convalescence, ob an indefinite duration, wedder or no!"

☞ Scolding never did anybody good. It hurts the child, it hurts the parents, it is evil and only evil, everywhere and always.

Letters from England

A POET'S DONATION TO THE BRITISH NATIONAL GALLERY—THE VENETIAN WARFARE—THE SCENE OF ACTION—A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST AND STUDENT CURIOSITY—IMPRISONED TURNERS—COMPARATIVE EXTENT OF EUROPEAN GALLERIES.

LONDON, April 4, 1856.

By far the most valuable and important public gallery of painting in England, is the British National Gallery on Trafalgar Square. Though much smaller in extent, it corresponds in character to the celebrated gallery of the Louvre in France, being a choice collection of the works of the old masters. Considering the short time that it has been established it has grown with great rapidity, and we may hope that one by one, many of the valuable private collections, so numerous in England, will be added, to increase its extent, until it becomes secondary to no other European Gallery.

The British National Gallery originated in 1824, in the purchase of the Angerstein collection of thirty-five extremely valuable pictures, a building was erected and additional pictures purchased at government expenses. Sir George Beaumont, well known as a patron of Art, and one of the most active of the projectors of the National Gallery, donated to it sixteen pictures, the Rev. Holywell Carr bequeathed thirty-five more. Since then it has been rapidly growing by similar patriotic donations and by government purchases. Samuel Rogers, the wealthy banker, and well-known poet, who died this winter in London at a good old age, bequeathed several valuable pictures, among others a Georgione, a Titian, and a large Paul Veronese. About the same time, Sir Charles Eastlake, the present Director of the Gallery, having been appointed to purchase with its funds a new picture, returned from Venice, bringing with him "the Adoration of the Magi," a large painting, also attributed to Paul Veronese.

The exhibition of this picture, and of those bequeathed by Samuel Rogers, has been a great event in the London world, for the new purchase has proved a theme of animated and never-ending discussion to the critic, the historian, and the public in general. First comes forward an honorable gentleman and distinguished amateur, with a long letter of denunciation against the picture and its purchasers, pronouncing it to be no Paul Veronese at all, but a wretched daub by some third-rate artist, unworthy of the large space it occupies. Then appears a learned president to prove it, according to ample historical evidence, to be a genuine Paul Veronese, but declaring it to have been so scraped and cleaned and restored, and touched up by the picture cleaners, that but little of the original remains to be seen, and joining heartily with his predecessor in abuse of Sir Charles Eastlake, his associates, and their choice.

Then an editor comes out warmly in favor of the picture, pronouncing it a prize, and amply worth the £1,977 paid for it.

Another editor declares this sum, large as it is, to be but a fragment of the real cost, stating that there has been, under the new arrangement for the management of the Gallery, lately adopted, a Director to buy pictures with a salary of £1,000 a year; a Secretary, to look at them, with £800 a year; a travelling agent, with £300 a year, and £1,140 a year as expenses, to find them. That as the new picture has been the sole result of the new system for a year, its cost to the nation has been at least £5,000, and he protests against such an expenditure of the public funds. Then he goes on to admit that the picture *is* a genuine Veronese, but thinks it a much injured and wretched specimen, "opaque where it ought to be transparent, and brown where it ought to be bright;" and finally, is of opinion that another Paul Veronese was not needed in the Gallery at any rate.

So the warfare proceeds, every week bringing out fresh attacks, and now and then, at rare intervals, a new defence, but the general character of the remarks must be anything but gratifying to Sir Charles Eastlake, who, however strong in the enjoyment of Court favor, and a remarkably comfortable salary, keeps very quiet, and apparently troubles himself but little at the storm raging around him.

Meanwhile, to an ordinary spectator, loving pictures, but making no pretensions to the character of critic or amateur, it seems a very fine and striking affair, with a few drawbacks, such as the extreme crossness of the face of the Madonna and the ugliness of the infant Saviour.

The Magi, kneeling in adoration before them, are fine old men in splendid green and crimson dressing-gowns; the men in front holding oxen and hounds, and the attendants behind vigorously whipping the camels and horses, to keep them still, are wonderful pieces of painting; and the ruined arches and columns of the temple against which the rude manger is built, and the broad sunbeam from above, down which float cherubs and winged heads, are very surprising and gratifying circumstances. The picture has the one advantage, at least, over the splendid "Consecration of St. Nicholas," the Paul Veronese bequeathed by Samuel Rogers, of a more interesting subject.

Trafalgar Square, upon which the National Gallery is situated, is a wide, open, paved space, with two fountains which apparently never play, and in the centre, the Nelson Column, a fluted pillar of granite, with a Corinthian capital, surmounted by a colossal statue, the whole being 167 feet in height. On the northern side of the square extends the National Gallery, a long low building, with square centre and corners, with fluted pillars, and black with smoke, as all London buildings are. On four days in the week it is open and free to a constant throng of visitors; on the other two days it is kept exclusively for students, of whom a large number, both ladies and gentlemen, are in constant attendance. Ascending the steps of the central portico, you enter a square hall, in which stands a gigantic vase, presented by William the Fourth, the design in relief, commemorative of the battle of Waterloo; also, on a pedestal, the full-length statue of Sir David Wilkie, a bronze bust of Napoleon, and a group of figures representing Thetis and her Nymphs rising from the sea, to condole with Achilles on the loss of Patroclus. Ascending the broad staircase, you enter in succession five rooms devoted to different schools of painting.

The first two, which are smaller than the rest, contain the old pictures belonging to the first dawn of European art, and very curious they are, with their stiff, eloborately executed figures, bright, unmingled colors, back-grounds of beaten gold, mosaic, or pure blue. It is these that the Pre-Raphaelites love to study.

The other three contain the works of the comparatively modern of the old masters, the second room being principally for landscapes, and among the Poussins, Claudes and Salvator Rosas, hang too large Turners.

A short time ago the last room, the largest of all, in which hang the pictures of the Venetian school, was closed for weeks, and Sir Charles Eastlake, a pale, rather elderly man, slightly bald, with light hair and mild, grey eyes, might be seen with his assistants going from room to room, to decide upon the new arrangement of the pictures, to make way for the new acquisitions, a mysterious hammering going on all the time in the closed room. The excluded students grew more and more curious every week, and it was amusing to see, on the day when it was first re-opened, how all, both ladies and gentlemen, immediately on their arrival, instead of going to their work in their respective rooms, marched straight to the grand apartment, where hung the newly acquired paintings, and in which stood Sir Charles Eastlake and the attendants of the institution, evidently very proud of their work, and slyly on the watch to see the impression that it would create.

The students this year have complained much of having no dressing-rooms. Two large apartments were built for the purpose in the basement story, but through their arched doorways, now partially boarded up, nothing can be seen but the canvass backs of paintings. These are the fifty pictures left by Turner, at his death, to the National Gallery. Being immensely valuable, his relatives laid claim to them and managed to get up a law-suit about it. After two years litigation, during which time the pictures were kept in rooms so damp that they became seriously injured, the paint even peeling off in places from the canvass, the suit was thrown into Chancery, the pictures removed to these rooms for better preservation, and boarded up securely that no one might have the privilege of even looking at them till the case was decided. Thus pleasantly disposed of, the whole business bade fair to remain in statu quo, from generation to generation, as Chancery suits frequently do. Fortunately the rival claimants, growing desperate at the prospect before them, came to a compromise, the National Gallery, it is said, not without a show of justice, yielding something to the claims of the relatives; and it is announced that the pictures will soon be framed and exhibited to the public, who are anxious for an adequate opportunity of seeing the works of their great landscape painter.

Before leaving the National Gallery, it may be interesting to compare the number of its pictures with those of the most celebrated galleries on the continent, and with some of the largest private galleries in England, as given by a recent report on National Monuments.

The English National Gallery contains 270 pictures, independently of the Vernon collection, which has now been removed to Marlborough House, to form a Gallery exclusively of British Art.

In Rome, in the Gallery of the Vatican, there are only 35 pictures; in that of the Capitol there are 225; at the Academies of Bologne and Venice, there are in each about 280; in the Brera, at Milan, 503; in the Stidel institution there are about 380; at Naples there are 700, exclusive of the ancient paintings from Pompeii and Herculaneum; in the Berlin Gallery, recently established, there are about 1,250; in the new Pinacothek, at Munich, there are about 1,270; in the Gallery of the Belvidere, at Vienna, there are upwards of 1,300; in the Imperial Gallery of Florence, there are upwards of 1,200, and about 500 in the Pitti Palace. At Amsterdam, there are 386; at the Hague, in the Museum, there are 304, and 178 in the King's collection. The collection of Antwerp contains between 300 and 400. There are upwards of 1,400 in the Louvre, 548 of which are Italian; in the Museo of the Prado, at Madrid, there are 1,838; and the celebrated Gallery of Dresden contains about 1,860 pictures, exclusive of the postel collection. At Versailles, there are about 3,300 works of Art, chiefly paintings illustrative of French history. The Borghese Gallery, at Rome, which is the best and largest private collection in Europe, contains about 1,700 pictures.

To return to England: in the Grosvenor Gallery, there are 157; in the collection of the Duke of Sutherland 328; in the Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, there are 318. The largest private collection in England is that of Lord Northwick, at Thirlstane House, Cheltenham, which comprises more than 700 pictures; and in that of Burleigh House, Northamptonshire, belong to the Marquis of Exeter, there are upwards of 600 pictures.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, April 11, 1856.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—I had a run down to Sydenham yesterday, and must give you a short description of the famous Crystal Palace. The admission fee is one shilling on all days except Saturday. That day in England is peculiarly a fashionable day—just as Monday is its opposite in that respect. On Saturday the admission is five shillings. The distance of the palace from London is seven or eight miles by rail, and a ticket can be purchased there and back, including admission to the palace, in the third class cars, for one shilling and sixpence, or thirty-seven cents. This is certainly a small sum to ask for the ride and admission fee to such a wonder.

The last time I saw the palace it was in Hyde Park, and I confess that the present palace is a wonderful improvement upon the original one. The site is very fine, upon a hill overlooking miles and miles of lovely landscape, and to see it as I did with the morning sun blazing upon it is as fine a sight as one can often get here or elsewhere. But to enter the palace! The first impression as you enter is almost overpowering. The building itself is so magnificently beautiful, but its contents are still more so. The plants, the flowers, and their intoxicating fragrance, the water ponds, the acres of statues, intermingled, the twittering of birds, the splendid, gorgeous apartments, all combine to make a scene of unequalled beauty and magnificence. I cannot give you a description of the interior of the palace, but can only point out a few of its excellencies. And first, the grouping of the plants, animals, and even the inhabitants of a country together is a capital feature. The animals are of course but the stuffed skin, and the human figures but wax, but the plants and flowers are alive and blooming, and the birds singing with life. It is almost like visiting the countries of the world to go over the palace. I was particularly pleased with the tropical department. There you have in full bloom Asiatic and African plants, the palm and other trees, and the birds of those hot climes jumping and singing from limb to limb. Another remarkable feature is the attempt to give the style of architecture of each country. On the Turkish departments you walk into a Turkish dwelling, the beauty of which is exquisite. Fountains are playing, the floors are of tesselated marble, the ceilings voluptuously painted, or the light comes through stained glass in the softest of rays. So too in the Egyptian department, you have an Egyptian palace in all its barbaric splendor. One of the most interesting as well as beautiful portions of the palace is that devoted to imitations of the ancient church architecture of this and other countries. But I cannot give you an idea of one-tenth of the riches of the place. The old, original plan of exhibiting works of industry and mechanical art is in a measure lost sight of, though in the wings and in the galleries there is a fine assortment of manufactured goods and implements of labor, machinery, etc., etc. The palace grounds, the old Sydenham Park, are spacious and very beautiful. I should say that the palace and its grounds cannot arrive at a state of completion before 1860. At present it is a failure, considered merely as a monetary speculation, but not otherwise. It is unquestionably original in its plan, and is unequalled in the world, and Parliament should, if necessary, make grants to carry out the plans of the originator.

In the car in which I went down to Sydenham were six Americans, each unknown to the others, but recognised by all as Americans. I first heard a man speak of certain familiar places at home, and ventured to accost him. We were in one of the large, cheap cars, and in the crowd we picked out one after another four more Americans, all bound to see the crystal wonder. I can hardly tell why I know a countryman here, but something in the face, and more in the dress, tells the story. While walking through the Thames Tunnel the other day, a stall woman beseeched me to buy something and take back with me *to America!* I thought her shrewd in guessing my country so quickly. In the English dress there is no beauty. The curved line is unknown by English tailors. Their lines are all straight and severe, and the French or American graceful outlines of dress are stared at. My Kossuth hat, so comfortable and appropriate for the rainy and dirty streets, and for travelling, is here termed "an American fright." Now at home it was considered one of the best of its kind, and a graceful hat. But the ugly English hat, the "segment of a stove-pipe," is thought respectable, and respectability is the Englishman's god. All kinds of overcoats here are *patented*. You have a dozen different kinds by as many different high sounding names. So of trowsers. The Sydenham self-adjusting trowsers—the Nicoll patent, etc., etc., compete for public favor. Then there are "self-adjusting shirts!" Mechi, Nicoll and others advertise these, and they are all patented, or registered. But I must give you what news there is to be told. There is but little, and that not important. The American question has been up several times in Parliament, and the general impression is that Palmerston and Crampton are in a tight spot as regards the enlistment matter, though the Nicaragua affair is regarded in a somewhat different light. No one thinks of going to war about either.

There is nothing new about the Peace, though it seems to be pretty generally understood that many matters are yet unsettled, and especially that poor Turkey is not fully provided for. One thing consider certain however, that the English Government dare not consent to either the division or the spoliation of any part of Turkey or her provinces. Such is the feeling of the people, that if the government were wicked enough to desire any such thing, it could not carry it out.

The loss of the *Pacific* steamer excites a great deal of feeling here, and expressions of sympathy are to be found, not only in almost every journal, but in almost every man's conversation. The news of the loss of the John Rutledge has just arrived, and carries conviction as to the fate of the *Pacific*. I humbly hope that it will end all ocean steamship racing—all attempts to make remarkably quick voyages at the expense of the safety of passengers' lives. The mammoth steamer building here is to be completed as soon as possible, and it is thought will be one of the safest boats in the world.

VYR.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 23rd, the Armament Bill, and the late Naval Board were under discussion. General Houston surprised the Senate, by introducing into that body a large bowl of coffee, standing upon a huge saucer, from which as he spoke against the action of the late Naval Board, he would take a sup now and then.

On the 24th, the three million Armament Bill was again taken up. Mr. Hale stated that the expenses of the Government now, in profound peace, were ten millions more than in any year of the Mexican war. While it cost only two millions annually to maintain Washington's administration, sixty millions was necessary to sustain Mr. Pierce's. He did not know that he was doing wrong to state these facts, as it might encourage the President to go into another war, thinking it might be more economical. [Laughter.]

On the 25th, on motion of Mr. Toombs, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Act of June 15, 1848, amending the Naturalization Act of 1813. Adjourned till Monday.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 23rd, the increase of the Public Printer's compensation some 20 per cent. was under consideration.

On the 24th, the Indian Appropriation Bill was considered.

On the 25th, the bill to remit the duties on original packages destroyed by fire, being up, a former overruling of a decision of the Speaker was reconsidered, and its propriety discussed.

☞ Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, got badly sold on the 1st of April. "Kate" sent a poem to the Journal called "The American Banner," which was published with profuse compliments, and which was only a slight alteration of Longfellow's Hymn of the Moravian Nuns.

☞ "Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has spent only five shillings for fire wood in eight years." "Did he ever come into collision with you in any matter?" "Only once, and that when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp post." "From what do you know of him, would you believe him under oath?" "That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was saying, I would, if not, I wouldn't."

☞ Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise Providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A DEAD CALM IN THE PACIFIC.—We were once, for ten days, in so complete a calm, that the animalculæ died, and the ocean exhaled from its bosom on all sides a most insufferable stench. Instances of this kind illustrate the utility and necessity of winds and the agitation of the seas; absolute calms, continued for any considerable period, in the winds or waves, would prove equally fatal to all manner of animal life. The respiration of all animals, whether this function be carried on by lungs or gills, or other organs, is essential to their being. Those living on land breathe the atmosphere, and rob it, at each inspiration, of a portion of oxygen, which principle is necessary to existence; those inhabiting the deep derive the same principle from the waters, though by different means; and in both cases, the air, or water, thus deprived of its vital principle, must be replaced by fresh supplies, or in a very short time all the oxygen in their vicinity is exhausted, and the animals, whether of sea or land, must perish.—*Voyage Round the World.*

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

COASTING IN THE LAUNCH.

On the 29th of June, 1855, we left Hokodadi through a dense fog, in order that when the usual clearing away at noon took place, we should be in a position to continue our survey of the straits of Sangar (pronounced by the Japanese "T'sn-gar"), having been directed to conclude that work previous to proceeding up the west coast of Jesso. In order to facilitate the accomplishment of this task, I, John Smith, was ordered to take the armed launch, twelve men, a week's provisions, tent, &c., and follow the coast as far down as a station known as "West Point," where we were to be picked up by the ship at the end of three days.

This point proved to be about half way between Hokodadi and the larger city of Matemai, and was reached towards the close of the second day, when we pitched tent for the second time, and amused ourselves by breaking one of the agreements *appended* to the treaty, by shooting several finely flavored wild ducks with red legs and feet and pointed bills. When subsequently spoken to about thus breaking the treaty, I threw the blame upon the Japanese officers themselves, who, probably from a desire to see "how our guns carried," had strongly advocated the act by unmistakable signs and gestures. It is astonishing how well people can make themselves understood upon agreeable subjects, though unable to speak a word of each other's language. In this case we understood them perfectly.

Our first night at "camping out," was one of some excitement. We had been refused permission at Simoda to do the very thing in which the launch was then engaged, and from a most unpleasant custom of the Japanese *i. e.* the seizure and binding of strangers and their removal to Yeddo, we entertained reasonable fears of at least being disturbed in our slumbers. In order, therefore, to avoid as much as possible all communication with the natives, our tent was pitched at least three miles from any visible habitation. A large fire was soon kindled with drift-wood, supper cooked and despatched, and a ci-devant sailor (armed to the teeth) placed upon post, with orders to call us (the Purser had joined the party with a double-barrel gun and an immense bag of shot) in case of any arrivals. I have every reason to believe that this "Marinized Teamster" went immediately to sleep—for after we had vainly devoted hours to the same end, we suddenly heard voices at a distance, and upon leaving the tent, found him seated after the fashion of his craft and unable to answer.

Upon reaching the elevation of the bank, and looking in the direction from which the voices came, a beautiful sight presented itself to our eyes: No less than forty or fifty Japanese, each bearing one of their fancifully painted lanterns, were moving towards us at a rapid pace. They did not seem to fear detection, but in order to "provide against all precautions," we got under arms, six of us being at the boat and eight at the tent.

As they continued their approach, they talked in very loud tones (to give each other courage, one of the men remarked,) but as soon as they saw us awake and prepared, a halt took place, and one of the party advanced alone. Upon being met by me without any blood flowing, he was followed by others of his company, and the Purser joining with ours, we were soon engaged deeply in the mysteries of pantomime.

It would be tedious to explain the numerous signs which the constant necessity of driving from their coasts strangers with whom they cannot exchange a word, has placed at the disposal of these people: it will be enough to say that in the present case, assisted by the few words of their language picked up at Simoda and Hakodadi, we made ourselves very fairly understood. And the following is the result of an hour's pantomime, sprinkled over with some twenty words.

Japanese.—Put up your tent, put up everything into your boat, and sail away.

American.—We are going to sleep here to-night, and sail away in the morning.

Japanese.—(Look of command changing to one of affected terror.)—You can't sleep here to-night, if you do my head will be cut off by the Governor.

American.—Oh, no! we have been to Simoda and Hakodadi, and know that that is only one of your stratagems to get strangers away without resorting to force.

Japanese—(With a most funeral-like expression of countenance.)—It is true, we never joke, I must lose my head.

American.—I am very sorry, we will all cry very much; but as the wind is against us, we will sleep here to-night, and sail away to-morrow, if the fog clears away. If the fog remains, we remain.

Japanese.—How many of you are there?

American.—Fourteen men, fourteen rifles, and fourteen revolvers.

Japanese.—(With a return of his former vivacity.)—All right. You are going in the morning. Don't go back into the country. Go to sleep. We'll be back in the morning. Good-night.

And thus saying, the party retraced their steps, talking in a very lively manner, very unlike men upon the brink of decapitation. Just as they were moving off, the purser heard a noise on the bank above, and climbing up through the rank grass, reached the summit just in time to see some forty or fifty others scampering away among the bushes. They had surrounded us without our being aware of it, although the "Marinized Teamster," did hold out that "if there was any direction in which he *had* watched, *that* was it."

True to their promise they *did* return the next morning, and at a most fortunate moment. The day was just breaking, it had come on to blow since midnight, the launch was gradually dragging into the heavy surf, and we had either to haul her up on the beach, or put out into the bay. As it was still very foggy, the former was determined upon in spite of the danger attending it, and they arrived just in time to assist us. They found twelve of us up to the neck in the surf, while the remaining two guarded the arms, and though the most violent pantomime failed to make them take to the water, while assisting us to haul, they nevertheless did good service at the end of a rope. They seemed perfectly reconciled to our stay, and the head officer laughed heartily when asked as to the method he had adopted in rejoining his head to the trunk. They partook sparingly of our breakfast, evinced the usual curiosity in regard to everything in our possession, understood with apparent pleasure that we were making charts of their islands, praised the accuracy of the sketches which one of the men had made, and finally begged that we would fire one of the rifles at a mark.

Fortunately one of the boat's crew was a really fine marksman, and there was no objection to gratifying their curiosity; so a piece of drift-wood being put up some hundred yards down the beach, he put a ball very near the centre with "the utmost non-cha-lan-cy," as I once heard a naval commander remark.

This shot caused them the utmost wonder at first, but was shortly attributed to chance, and it required a repetition of the exploit to convince them of its common-place nature.

They remained with us some time, making signs upon various subjects, and I was surprised to observe the amount of knowledge possessed by these evidently inferior class of officers in regard to European affairs, or rather in regard to the affairs of the world outside of Japan.

They were not only aware of the existing war, but had a very fair idea of the causes which led to it. They said that Russia was very large, while France and England were very small, and asked "why America didn't join one side or the other, and put an end to it at once?"

They have an idea that the whole Western Continent belongs to America, and that we are more powerful than any other two nations put together; of course we did not undeceive them in this respect. They were fully aware of the railroad then in progress across the Isthmus, knew that the discovery of gold in California was a late affair, and in short asked so many unexpected questions, that one was forced to the conclusion of their being in more frequent communication with the outer world than is generally supposed.

In reply to their question as to America joining in the war, I told them that it was peace and commerce which had made us so powerful, and that it was our policy to be friends with all nations as long as they acted fairly by us; that when they abused our citizens or violated treaties, then we declared war. This allusion to breaking treaties seemed to give them some uneasiness. They asked if Nipon (in speaking of Japan or the Japanese Government they always use the word Nipon,) had yet broken the treaty made with Commodore Perry, and upon being answered in the affirmative, cast their eyes upon the ground, and looked hypocritically sad. They next supposed that, as Nipon had broken the treaty, America would fight Nipon as soon as the ships could come out? This was a difficult question to answer, we could find neither words nor signs to express ourselves, and therefore looked very wise and shrugged our shoulders with evident effect.

I now in turn began to question the head man. I asked him why he had caused us to be surrounded the previous night, knowing as he must, that America and Nipon were friends? and his answer was characteristic of their well known policy. They who we thought had surrounded us were poor country people, the scum of the earth, persons to be spit upon by such as us, (he and myself,) &c., &c., and that they had come of their own accord simply to "*make see.*"

His manner, however, contradicted this explanation, and upon my accusing him and Nipon in general of insincerity in most of their dealings with us, he laughed cunningly, as if it were a fine trait we were discovering in their character, and returned to the subject of our "going away."

This pertinacity annoyed me almost to the kicking pitch,* but I contented myself with informing him that we should leave when we were ready and not before, and that as for persons prowling around a tent at night, Americans often mistook them for wild beasts, and fired their guns accordingly. This information and the manner in which we were forced, from lack of words, to impart it, threw the "head man" into a state of indignant reserve, which proved even cherry brandy proof for as much as five minutes, i. e., until the bottle began to look empty.

In this manner the morning passed along drowsily enough, only one thing occurring worthy of note. This was the passing by of some high Mandarin and retinue who were transporting an extensive lot of match-locks in the direction of Hakodadi. To this "big bug" the Japanese in our vicinity went on their knees while giving what we supposed to be a history of our arrival, detention, &c., and the "big bug" himself, after hearing said history, frowned loweringly upon our party, much to the indignation of a small Bowery boy who accompanied us, and who gave vent to the feeling through various contortions of the body and countenance, accompanied by a well known sign, supposed to be of Masonic origin, and addressed (behind my back) to the angry official. It was singular to see a dozen grown up men on their knees before a stupid looking official, while a stranger boy, almost a child in years, was indulging in the most ridiculous pantomime at his expense.

This party consisted of some fifty men, and probably of as many horses, many of the former carrying lacquered poles, with gilded heads, to which were attached streamers of different colors and shapes, while some of the latter carried the more grand men, and the remainder bundles of match-locks secured in the shape of packs. And here I will remark upon the great number of horses which exist upon this island. Almost every village has several droves, some of which are used under the saddle by officers and couriers, and the greater number in the transportation of dried fish, &c. In height they average only from fourteen to fifteen hands, but are compactly built, and most mule like in their powers of endurance. You see them travelling along the beach under their packs, in single file, and with the bridle of one fast to the saddle of another. In this manner one or two men easily drive any number. They are shod and unshod as the nature of the road demands; not with iron shoes, but with a socket of plaited grass, which, singular to say, lasts several days.

I embraced the opportunity presented by this somewhat military display, to make the best inquiries I could as to *the army* of Japan, and from what I learned, combined with like information received from one of the interpreters at Simoda came to the conclusion that they had no army at all. The feudal system of middle-aged Europe, prevails here with a healthy, if not an increasing vitality, and in the existence of this system is found their much-talked-of army. The government for instance has a fort to be taken or defended. The work is given to some particular prince or nobleman, who with his peasantry, or more properly speaking his slaves, proceeds to obey his orders. If his force prove insufficient, a second high officer is ordered to join the undertaking, and so on. And in this is the secret of their army of two millions, against which so many timid people in the United States were afraid to send so small a squadron as Perry's. I sincerely believe that Commodore Perry, with the force he then had at his command, could have waged a successful war against the whole empire of Japan.

* The only way of dealing with the Mandarins. A good healthy kick applied about six inches below the waist has been known to impart a momentum which carried the recipient at least two hundred yards in a straight line.

PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. * * * * he has such a confirmed countenance.

* * * * * Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child." —*Coriolanus, Act i. Scene 3.*

At 2 P. M., the weather moderating and the fog lifting, we struck everything in haste, and proceeded on for West Point. Just before shoving off however, we received a present from the "head man," in the shape of two ordinary chicken cocks, which caused us to rub our hands as the hour for supper crossed our minds. I don't know what we should have done in lieu of rubbing our hands, had we known to what respect their extreme age and toughness entitled them; they proved impenetrable to even our scurvy-threatened teeth.

This is one of the many rewards attendant upon a cruise of that nature. We were *forced* to live upon salt beef, do. pork, and insipid preserved meats, for (in this case) eight months, with forty gallons of lime juice on hand to protract the arrival of the scurvy. But to return to more pleasant subjects.

Three or four hours carried us into a small cove in the vicinity of West Point, partially sheltered from the surf by sunken and other rocks, in which we dropped anchor, pitched tent, and made other preparations for passing the night. It was here that we discovered the great antiquity of our presents, and a new set of the ever watchful Japanese coming on us about this time, and signing us to shoot some ducks, we readily complied with their intimation, producing them a momentary gratification, and ourselves a fine supper. The next day we were picked up by the elongated anchor-boy, commonly known as the "old John Hancock," and the day following, saw the conclusion of the survey of the Straits of T'sugar.

THE WATER OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The phenomenon of so many waters constantly flowing into the Mediterranean Sea, and yet never perceptibly raising its level, is one of the most remarkable in nature. We have recently seen the following explanation of this phenomenon, which, if not wholly satisfactory, is at least ingenious and plausible. The salt water entering the sea from the Atlantic Ocean, is subjected to a process of evaporation, which although by no means sufficiently extensive to carry off the surplus quantity, is yet powerful enough to remove a large part of its fresher particles, leaving, by the time the water arrives near the head of the sea, a brine which being heavier than the water that is constantly pouring in from the ocean, sinks beneath it, and flows out in an under current by the same route in which it entered. Thus while there is a strong surface current always setting to the Eastward through the Straits of Gibraltar, there is, beneath this surface current, near the bottom of the Straits, an equally strong under current of very salt water pouring forth to mingle again with the waters of the Atlantic. The existence of this under current was discovered many years ago.

PLIGHTED.

Mine to the care of the heart, my beauty!
Mine—all mine, and for love, not duty:
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake, as I love thee.
Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
Give a warm hand to a friend—a smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile;
But the sanctuary heart that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore—
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enter in.

Mine, my own—without doubt or terror;
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee—praise mine and thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them, too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
Must be mine—mine wholly—forever mine!

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that Thou has given
Something all mine on this side heaven;
Something so much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee:
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life—us, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's work's sake,
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one

PENSIVE ADMIRERS PREFERRED BY THE LADIES.—I have remarked that the generality of my sex, prefer those of the other sex who are of a grave and sentimental turn, provided always that the gravity does not proceed from dullness, but from a reflecting cast of mind, which increases their respect, while it adds to the interest they experience. I have known a pale face and pensive manner make impressions on female hearts that had successfully resisted the attacks of ruddy countenances and exhilarating gaiety: these possessors of these *agremens* being more calculated to amuse than interest, are rarely remembered when absent. Women seldom forget the man who makes them sigh; but rarely recur to him who has excited their mirth, even though a brilliant wit may have been displayed in his *bon mots* and good stories. He, therefore, who would captivate the fastidious taste of *la belle sex*, must eschew too frequent smiles, though he may have fine teeth, and must likewise avoid occasioning or promoting the exhibition of those pearly ornaments if he wishes permanently to please.—*Lady Blessington's Confession.*

"WITHOUT WERE FIGHTINGS; AND WITHIN WERE FEARS."

Give me the strength I need!
Oh, Thou, who hearest when the ravens cry,
And e'en the little sparrow's fall doth heed,
Sustain me in this hour of agony
My spirit faints beneath Thy chastening rod,
Thy loving face is hid from me, oh, God!

For there are fears without!
And oh, Thou knowest how many fears within!
And in my sinfulness I've dared to doubt,
Though conscious that my weak distrust was sin
Father, forgive! henceforth when clouds arise,
With *faith* will I look upward to the skies

I am not worthy, Lord,
To take Thy name upon these lips of mine,
The sins my soul hath bitterly abhorred
Too oft I've yielded to, and on Thy shrine
The offering I have laid, not freely given,
But rendered as a duty stern to Heaven.

And now this bitter pain!
This weary shrinking from my cross away!
The cup Thou givest, help me, Lord, to drain,
Nor breathe the prayer that it may pass away.
Saviour, Thou knowest what is best for me,
And joy and sorrow come alike from Thee.

Choose Thou the path I tread!
I know 'twill be the safest, surest way,
If by Thy gentle, loving hand I'm led,
And Thy strong arm my faltering footsteps stay.
Patient and hopeful make me journey on,
Bearing the cross till I shall wear the crown.

Faint heart, look up in faith!
Thou art not left to struggle here alone;
Hear what the Saviour to His followers saith:
"Lo! to the end I'm ever with mine own"
And nought in life or death can e'er divide
The soul that trusts Him from the Crucified.
—*Moral Evangelist.* C.

POOR DIET AND POPULATION.

We have always instinctively recoiled from the idea of some benevolent philoprogenitive theorists, who want to cram the world with men, women, and children, and leave not even a desert for an adventurous traveller to roam in. They would kill all the lions, reclaim all the wastes, plough all the lands, and so go on for ever and ever, till not even an animal was left, except the domestic and tame animals which man employs in his own service.

It has been calculated that Great Britain might support 180,000,000, instead of 20,000,000 only, as it does now—nine times, say ten times more, in round numbers. And this is triumphantly put forth as a great blessing—something to be desired and gloried in if attained. We immediately think of huge, overgrown, and crowded cities; not St. Giles's—for St. Giles is really a rich parish, and a small one—but huge Bethnal Greens and Spitalfields, Wappings and Whitechapels, large districts of dirty, desolate industry, in which men is *exploited*, as the French would say, to such a degree as to leave him no time either to wash his hands and face, or to change his inner clothing. A poor prospect this cramming system! May we never see it.

Mr. Thornton, in his work on over-population, says, the tendency of misery to perpetuate itself, is strikingly illustrated in the manufacturing districts of France, where the condition of the people is always deteriorating, whilst in other parts of France their condition is always improving. In these manufacturing districts the population increases at the rate of thirteen per cent., being double the ratio of the whole kingdom. Poverty is very prolific. The worst fed people have in general the largest families. Pastoral countries, that abound in animal food, are always thinly peopled, whilst poor countries, that are cultivated and supply their inhabitants with a meagre allowance of grain, potatoes, and other roots, like China, India, and Ireland, appear to be the best stocked with children; and an eminent French physician has remarked that there are more births about nine months after Lent, when people generally feed on fish and farinaceous diet, than at any other season of the year. Mr. Sadler, in his work on Population, has shown very clearly that years of scarcity contribute more to the increase of population than years of plenty. High prices of provision are followed, not by an increase of marriages, but by an increase of children. When people are comfortable, and full fed, then families on the average are small; and when they are miserable and ill-fed, the reverse is the case. Whenever you hear of three at a birth, or even four, the prolific mother is the wife of some poor man, not a lady of rank, or the wife of a man of fortune. The law of nature seems to be, that poverty is more prolific than wealth, that the rapid increase of population in a country is a sure and certain sign of a corresponding increase of poverty, and that if all the people were comfortable and well-fed the population would be pretty nearly stationary.

At first sight this seems rather an unfortunate law of Nature; but it is not so; it is the best protection against degeneracy. Were the rich more prolific than the poor, the increase would take place from above, and not from below; but the poor make the wealth, and the rich increase in number, not from their own ranks, but from the ranks of the poor, who are the wealth-makers, and who are ever increasing the number of the stalls which they fill from their own ranks, whilst those who have been already enriched rarely multiply so rapidly that their descendants fall back again into the ranks of abject poverty. Once up, they either keep up or dwindle out. Moreover, as Nature's laws are unchangeable, we have in this the hope that there is no danger to be apprehended from increasing the comforts of the people, for the better they are fed, the less likely they are to multiply paupers. The ultimate tendency of the law is therefore benevolent, namely, to place all men at last in a state of comfort without any danger to society from over-population.

We can look upon this result with something like comfort; but the idea of cramming is hateful to us. To destroy the rusticity of Nature, the delightful solitudes and parks, the forests, the moors, and the deserts, and convert them all into farms and gardens, kitchen and flower, and to intersect all these places with macadamised roads, like so many streams of dust in dry weather, and of mud and dirt in wet weather, whilst steam trains rattle, and steam funnels smoke, and steam whistles rend the air with the horrid screech, that no screech-owl can exceed, is surely no sweet picture of coming greatness, or of a destiny to be coveted by mortal man. With only twenty millions of inhabitants we cannot go out on a dry summer day in Great Britain without being in danger of coming home with inflamed eyes from the dust of the roads; and every one knows how teasing a single particle of sand is when it gets between the lid and the ball of the eye, what rubbing, and washing, and tear-shedding it costs, what misery it is for hours! how it spoils the pleasure of a day's trip! how it defies every effort you make to extract it, and how like a little mischievous demon it at last comes out, you know not how, when in the unconscious passivity and forgetfulness of sleep you just let it alone. Bad enough we say all this is at present, and delightful it is to get out of the reach of these messengers of mischief; but to fill the air with them, as it is filled in Egypt, where half the people are blind or blear-ed with these air-wafted instruments of human torture, is what we sincerely hope may not be perpetrated in this country until we are out of it.

Far better provide for the rustic enjoyment of all classes, by abundant pasture and foliage, large tracts of fine clean virgin soil, and immense regions of pure air. What could we gain by filling England with cities—with a dozen Londons, five dozen Manchesters and Liverpools, and some hundreds or thousands of large towns and cities? It would be all city life, all city air; there would be no refreshing breeze in its interior. There would be sulphuric acid gas everywhere, and blighted vegetation; and every river would be polluted with ordure, or it would be dyed with the poisons of calico printers, and all the fishes would expire; and the poor birds would cease to exist for want of purer and fresher air; and the game would all be killed, and even the rabbits would become extinct; and the weasels would all die of starvation; and the rooks would be exterminated as their eyries were demolished or their feelings disgusted by the barbarous transformations miscalled civilization. Surely such things never can take place! They would, if some philosophers had their will; but Nature's law forbid, and they forbid by saying that, in proportion as men are well fed, the tendency is to make population stationary. Such a country is the happiest country to live in, though it is not so morbidly active as England and North America, where men are ever driving and forcing one another to bring out something new, and where they require a vast population of ill-fed supernumeraries to help them to do it.

Nature's laws are divine laws, and the knowledge of them is the true wisdom. They can never be repealed, and yet they are wonderfully accommodating. Thus, for instance, it is vulgarly supposed that early marriages tend to over-population, and to some extent there is truth in it; but it is not known how nature checks this tendency, for women who marry young have seldom more than one child in two years, whereas those who marry late in life, say 38, are apt to have one every year, or every eleven months, while those who marry at thirty, have on the average as many as those who marry at 18. This shows that nature is favorable to marriage, and spontaneously obviates the danger dreaded of too great an increase. Exceptions no doubt often occur; but statistics always deal with averages; and these averages all tend to show that wherever men and women are most comfortable, there is the smallest tendency to over-population, nature only supplying a surplus of supernumeraries amongst the poor, as if to hurry on the time of ultimate prosperity, when this surplus will be no more necessary, and when the quiet and comfortable life of a steady and industrious population will have all the available machinery at hand to maintain its prosperity.

We have a practical illustration of the truth of this doctrine amongst us in the sect of the Quakers. They are the most comfortable sect in the world. They marry early. They are all well fed and well clothed. Such a thing as a poor Quaker is scarcely ever heard of. There are no paupers amongst them. They support their own poor, and keep them all above the fear of want, and yet the Quakers do not increase in number. They have ceased to make converts by preaching, and merely reproduce their numbers as Jews do, but it is supposed that their numbers are on the decrease.

Mr. Doubleday, in his work on the *True Law of Population*, gives an admirable example of the action of this law of nature, in the little colony of Pitcairn's Island, in which sixteen persons—six males and ten females—increased their number tenfold in the course of forty years.—They lived chiefly on yams and bread, the fruit of the cocoa-nut tree, and fish procured with great difficulty. Of grain they had none, and of beef and mutton none, and it was many years before their bread-fruit trees grew so as to be of any use to them; so, that for years they lived chiefly on fish and yams, very meagre diet, even for Lent, and yet in that time they multiplied exceedingly, and in forty years they numbered 180 persons. Supposing the Quakers or the Jews in this country to multiply at this rate, they would soon supplant the rest of the population; but they cannot so increase and multiply, just because they do not live so hardy a life as the Pitcairn colonists did, on fish and potatoes.—Rich families would also increase enormously but for this law of nature, and the country would be overrun with the pauper descendants of all the old nobility and gentry of the land. But the truth is that such families have all a tendency rather to die out because of their good feeding, and the old nobles of England have fewer representatives, in proportion to their number, than the old serfs; for there is such a tendency to decay in all noble houses that by far the greater number of Peers in Parliament have been created within the last hundred years; and since the creation of the order of baronets, in 1611, seven hundred and fifty-three baronetcies have become extinct.

It is evident, therefore, that the rich have not a perpetual inheritance of the soil. It is out of their power to transmit the possession to their heirs forever. The divine law appears to forbid it by ordaining that well-fed people, after a few generations, shall go out and give place to the descendants of those who are worse fed, and who in their turn must inherit the earth. This is well illustrated in the history of the Venetian nobility, all whose sons are ennobled by birth. Addison, quoting Amelot, says of this nobility:—"Amelot reckoned in his time 2,500 nobles who had voices in the council; but at present I am told there are not at most 1,500, notwithstanding the addition of *many new families* since that time. It is very strange that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their numbers, considering that the nobility spreads itself equally through all the brothers, and that so very few are destroyed by the wars of the republic." Not at all strange. If people want to preserve their name and memorial forever, they and their posterity must live poorly. With high feeding they will go out as a candle does with burning. Royal families, with all their marriages, cannot perpetuate themselves; they are ever having recourse to cousins and other relatives to preserve the chain from being broken. Our late King George, with such a hopeful progeny of sons and daughters, has scarcely a representative, and his lineage has deflected from its natural male course into that of another family, and the last of the Brunswicks now sits on the British throne. Had they all lived on potatoes and fish like the poor Irish, or even as meagrely as their own father and mother, it might have been otherwise. But it is better for the nation as it is; better to feed royalty and nobility well, than by meagre diet to suffer it to overgrow. We might have had some hundreds or thousands of princes and princesses on the pension list at present, if it had not been for this beneficent provision of nature. An exceptional case may occasionally occur, but the law holds good in the main, with respect to all the royal and noble houses of Europe.

In Russia beef is so plentiful as to be almost valueless. In the capital of St. Petersburg, excellent beef is always to be had at a penny a pound. It seldom rises to three halfpence. It is the Russians' bread. The cattle are killed for their hides and tallow, rather than for their flesh. In Poland, on the contrary, bread is more plentiful than beef, and the population is more dense and rapidly on the increase in the bread than in the beef countries. Mr. Doubleday says: "The regions most fertile in cattle, or, in other words, animal food, are the least fertile in men." The Chinese, though they are said to be omnivorous, use little animal food, for in China horned cattle are almost unknown, and in Japan totally so. The inhabitants of India live chiefly on rice; and these three nations are the most prolific in the world, from which it is evident that animal food has a tendency to slow, and vegetable food to rapid increase of population. The main truth taught from the two facts of low diet and vegetable diet is that a low and cool diet is better than a rich one for population, but a rich and warm diet is better for preserving a people stationary, settled and comfortable.

Abundance of pasture-land is therefore indispensable, and this we are glad of, for it is the free and healthy mode of employing the soil, to leave a large amount of it to the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air, who inherit the earth along with us, and whose increase and welfare is indispensable for our own. How lonely a world would be without them, and how tiresome a huge region of gardens and furrowed fields, where all is agricultural and horticultural, and nothing rural, and where simple nature is extinguished by human art! It would be misery. But we need not fear it. Happily the great deserts of the East and the South are still left, to which the lover of nature can resort if ever we are so unfortunate here as to attain to the ultimate of a philosophical civilization.

OLD PROVERBS.—Better be the head of the yeomanry than tail of the gentry.

Beware of a silent dog and still water.

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

There is many a good wife who cannot dance or sing well.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without a failing.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

That's but an empty purse that is full of other folks' money.

One might as well be out of the world as beloved by nobody in it.

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

He is a worthless fellow who lives only for himself.

Depend not upon fortune but conduct.

Begin life with but little show, you may increase it afterwards.

Advise not what is the most pleasant, but the most useful.

Be contented and thankful; a cheerful spirit makes labor light, sleep sweet, and all around cheerful.

If youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, old age a regret.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

SLEEP.—Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact, that *the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep.* If then we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac!

The practical inferences which we wish to impress upon the reader are two:

1st. By all means, sleep enough, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is, when waked up before the nap is out.

2nd. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; for then, the brain has most strength, most activity, and must work more clearly. It is "the midnight lamp" which floods the world with sickly sentimentalities, with false morals, with rickety theology, and with all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation, which abnegate Bible teachings. —*Dr. Hall's Monthly.*

☞ I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors or passengers, but not the owner within.—*Swift.*

Life in Paris.

Olive Trees in Full Glory—A Historical Quill—Penalties of Greatness—A Curious Document—Architectural Exhibition—Modern Improvement—Signs of the Times—A Precious Casket—A Vegetable Puzzle—Anecdote of Rossini.

Paris, March 31, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

For the last week the announcement of the signing of the Treaty of Peace has been looked for daily, for, though the secret of the proceedings of the Congress has been better kept than almost any other secret since diplomacy began, it had leaked out that preparations for illuminating the public buildings had begun to be made, and also that the managers of the theatres had been ordered to be ready to give another "gratis" representation in the course of a few days; so that when, at two o'clock yesterday, the cannon of the Invalides boomed over the city, and bill-posters rushed hastily from street to street, pasting up placards announcing that the Treaty of Peace had been signed that day, at half-past one, by the thirteen-plenipotentiaries assembled at the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the intelligence took nobody by surprise.

It appears that each of the plenipotentiaries had counted on keeping the pen with which he should have signed the important document, so eagerly awaited by the Old World; but the Empress Eugenie having taken it into her pretty little head that she should like to have the implement with which had been signed a deed whose date corresponds so nearly with the birth of her "Imperial" baby, the functionaries in question willingly resigned their plans in her favor. A quill was procured from one of the eagles at the *Jardin des Plantes*, elegantly mounted in gold, used by them all, one after the other, in the signing of the Treaty, and sent, with their united "homages," to her Majesty.

To-morrow the Emperor holds a grand review of 150,000 troops; and it is expected will make some farther announcement respecting the great event of yesterday; nothing being yet known here beyond the bare fact of the signature, as laconically announced in the placards of yesterday, and the *Moniteur* of this morning.

Several great *fetes* are to be given, but their precise date is not known. They will probably coincide with the baptism of the Prince Imperial, which is to be conducted with the most tremendous pomp, and at which it is rumored (most weightily important particular!) that the Empress will wear the wonderful train of white moire embroidered with gold, which was exhibited by Gagelin, and threw everything else of the kind so completely into the shade at the Palace of the Champs Elysees.

As usual on a sunny Sunday, the aristocratic world of Paris was at home, and the streets were crammed with that part of the population generally designated here as "the small people," viz.: artisans, porters, clerks, petty tradesmen, and retired shopkeepers, washerwomen's apprentices, *grisettes*, and *lorettes*, all accompanied by wife, children or sweetheart, dressed in their best, sauntering slowly through the streets, or sitting at the doors of the coffee-houses, drinking lemonade and eating ices, and looking as merry and happy as possible.

It was curious to see the bustle of the shopkeepers when the "hundred and one guns" had roared out their welcome message; the "patrons" in shirt-sleeves emerging from their sanctums with a hammer in one hand, and an eagle or a flag in the other, followed by the shop-boy with a ladder and nails; eagle or flag, sometimes a whole bunch of them, being stuck up over the door in a twinkling, to the equal delight of those who had put them up, and of those who had stayed their sauntering steps to watch the operation, amidst a group composed of all the children of the house, and those from "over the way." At the doors of groceries and toy-shops, the clerks were busily unpacking great hampers of *lampions*, (shallow earthen saucers, filled with coarse grease, with a wick in the middle,) and the fantastic little Chinese lamps of transparent paper, which have lately come into vogue here for illuminations, and which were speedily purchased and stuck up above doors and windows. The illumination thus suddenly improvised last evening was far more general than that of the 16th inst., in honor of the birth of the Prince Imperial.

The addresses that have poured in upon the Emperor, felicitating him on the birth of the heir, have become so numerous that the *Moniteur* has given up publishing them, being compelled by want of room to give only the list of them as they arrive, but assuring the public that the Emperor makes it a "duty" to read, with his own imperial eyes, every one of them! Unless imperial eyes are much stronger than non-imperial ones, it may be confidently declared that the visual organs of Napoleon III. must be just now remarkably weary.

Rejoicings and felicitations at every court of Europe have reinforced the demonstrations that have been excited here by the arrival of the little Prince; those of Russia—whose forces in the Crimea illuminated their lines even more brilliantly than the Allies—taking the lead in warmth and cordiality of expression. If Nicholas and his great ancestor can see what is going on down here, one would like to know their opinion of the turn matters and things are taking. With regard to the latter of these eccentric arctic majesties, the Dutch journal *Algemene Konst en Letterbode*, publishes the following certificate, delivered on the 15th January, 1698, by the ship-builder Pool to the Czar, Peter the Great, in his capacity of ship-carpenter.

"I, the undersigned, Gerrit Claesz Pool, Master Ship-Carpenter to the East Indian Company, certify that Pierre Migaylof (forming part of the Russian legation, having resided here, at Amsterdam, in the dock-yard of the said Company, from the 30th of August, 1697, up to this time, and having worked under our superintendence) has always conducted himself as a diligent and active carpenter, (here follows the enumeration of the various branches of labor and study which he has pursued from the simplest work to the complete finishing of a ship), in testimony of which I have signed this certificate with my own hand.

"Done at Amsterdam, at the ship yard of the East Indian Company, the 15th of January of the year of Grace, 1698.

"(Signed) Gerrit Claesz Pool.

"*Master Ship-Carpenter to the East Indian Company at Amsterdam.*"

The original of this curious document, hitherto unknown, was found by a general in the archives of the Kremlin, at Moscow. This officer caused it to be copied by a Russian soldier who did not understand a word of Dutch, and sent it to M. W. L. Weiter, chaplain to the Dutch Legation at St. Petersburg, by whom a copy has just been sent to a journal in Leyden.

The city of Lille having determined to erect a church to Our-Lady-de-la-Treille, its "Patroness," has issued an invitation to the architects of all countries to send in plans for the contemplated edifice. No less than 600 designs have been sent in, including those of the first architects of the day in every part of Europe. They were at first exhibited at the Hotel de Ville, but this building proving too small, the collection has been removed to the great saloon of the Market hall, the only room in the town large enough to allow of all the drawings being exhibited side by side. It is hoped that this curious exhibition, which is just twice as extensive as the department of Architectural Design at the late Exhibition of the Champs Elysees, and which covers a surface of 378 yards in length, by 18 yards in width, will be brought to Paris before being dispersed.

The gas-lights, recently introduced into Rome, are rising in favor with its inhabitants. Hitherto this new lighting has been confined to the Corso, the via Condotti, via Babuino, and via Papale; it is now to be continued into the square before the fountain of Trevi, and the great street which extends, under various names, from the Flaminian Gateto the Palace della Valle, joining the via Papale. There are now in the streets of Rome 167 gas lamps, and 1,358 oil-lanterns. But this is an era of "improvement," and the Eternal City is not the only one in which the necessity for lighting the streets at night is beginning to be admitted. The little town of Asti, which has been debating the subject in its Municipal Council off and on, for the last twenty-eight years, has just voted the requisite funds for the purchase and maintenance of—one oil-lamp, which has accordingly been bought by the town-clerk, and set up above the fountain in the centre of that enterprising and progressive town.

I have more than once alluded to the fact that vast "companies," which, like whales, swallow up all the lesser fry, are becoming decidedly the order of the day. A short time ago we saw the formation of the great "Gas Company" which is buying out all those now existing in Paris, and which will found immense gas factories on the outskirts of the city, and supply the metropolis, and all the villages and towns within a certain distance.

Quite recently, the various lines of omnibuses have been "fusionized," and are now in the hands of one powerful society, to which the city of Paris has made over the exclusive monopoly of this method of transport, for a definite length of time, subject, however, as in the case of the new Gas Company, to the control of the Government with regard to quality of service and price. Another great society called "The Imperial Carriage Company," headed by Caillard, has now bought up all the hackney-coaches and cabs of the Capital, besides furnishing a certain number, prescribed by the Government, in addition to those already in use. These new carriages are very neat, comfortable, and even elegant, and consist of four models, approved by "authority," and adopted by the Caillard Company, as the types of those it will build for the future, viz: two models containing two places, and two others containing four places, the body painted a dark green, and ornamented with a lighter shade of the same color, the inside lined with green cloth or green morocco. These four belong to the first class of hired vehicles, known here as *remises*, and are kept in large coach-houses, ready for service, in the different quarters of the city. Those which occupy the cab-stands in the streets, are also to be uniformly painted in dark brown, picked out with yellow or red. A new kind of lamp is attached to these, on which is written the price per course or hour, and the part of the town to which they belong.

A casket has just been discovered in Corsica, containing a great number of letters of Napoleon I., all autographic, dated in 1785, and signed *Napoleone Buonaparte*. The proprietor of the casket is come to Paris to offer his newly-found treasure to the Government, which has already collected an immense mass of letters and papers written by the great conqueror, and destined to appear in the compilation of documents relating to the various incidents and periods of his life.

The Horticultural and Agricultural Societies of France, are so exceedingly busy, and are constantly putting forth to the world the results of such a host of "experiments" for the improvement of old productions, and the introduction of new ones, that if all the agricultural population would but follow their leaders, it is clear that not a square inch of ground would be left barren from one end of the land to the other, and the public would soon be puzzled to choose among the tempting stores of vegetables and fruit, with which the markets would be crammed to overflowing. Among the newest of the "methods" thus urged up on the adoption of all whom it may concern, is a plan for raising that much-prized, but very puzzling edible, the truffle, detailed by the Count de Gasparin in a paper he has just communicated to the Imperial Society of Agriculture. It appears from the Count's report, that a M. Rousseau, having a piece of barren land which he did not know what to do with, bethought him of turning it into a truffle-ground, and for this purpose planted it with acorns of the white and green oak, taken from a tract of oak-woods famous for its yield of this singular tubercle, which, as your readers are probably aware, is found only in the soil about the roots of this species of tree, and especially from those oaks in whose proximity the truffles were most plentiful.

Four years after the planting of these acorns, M. Rousseau found three truffles in his ground; at the end of four more years, he gathered from the same ground no less than thirty-seven pounds of truffles. M. Rousseau has carefully marked the young trees about which the greatest quantity were found, both with a view to employing their acorns in the planting of new truffle-grounds, and also that they may not be cut down when it becomes necessary to thin out the young trees. Count de Gasparin gives it as his opinion that the existence of the truffle is really a consequence of that of the oak, and that thus the belief of the country-people, who have long been accustomed to denominate certain trees of this species as "truffle-oaks," is in accordance with the facts of the case. But he also calls attention to their regularity of the result, truffles being found under some of M. Rousseau's oaks, and not under others, although the acorns were all gathered from the most renowned "truffle-oaks;" and he thence infers that the truffle-producing influence, whatever it may be, is not inherent in the oak species, but peculiar to certain individuals only. In general the truffles round the white oak are larger than those found round the green oak; but the tubers are more frequently found about the latter, and are also more aromatic. The truffles are of two kinds, viz: the white, which are gathered in May, and being deficient in perfume, are dried, and sold at a lower price; and the black, which are gathered through the month of December, after the frost has set in, and which are the delight of all the *gourmands* of the old world. The Count alludes to many experiments of a similar nature with that of M. Rousseau, all of which have been equally successful, and argues that such being the case, the world may raise as many truffles as it pleases, provided it only sets the right way to work. M. Passy, another wealthy and learned agriculturist, whose authority has great weight here on matters of this nature, is of the same opinion; and states that, although he is not yet prepared to assert that the truffle is, as some contend, a parasite of the oak, that there can be no doubt as to the fact that all existing truffle-grounds, whether natural or artificial, are found only in tracts of oak-woods, and that this singular tubercle, has, as yet, been discovered only about the roots of this tree.

Rossini, whose new song, *The Seperation*, is the great musical novelty of the moment, is still here, not yet cured of his dangerous and painful malady (*diabetes*) but much better. He is cheerful, alert, amusing, and full of anecdote, as usual. His memory is prodigious; enabling him not only to recall events and conversations which occurred forty or fifty years ago, but seemingly retaining all the musical compositions he has seen or heard at any period of his life. An incident which occurred a few days ago affords an example both of the force of his memory and of the practical jokes for which he was renowned in his younger days. One evening last week, Panseron, the composer, and Member of the Conservatory of Music, was at Rossini's house, spending the evening there in company with several friends of the illustrious *Maestro*. Rossini and Panseron first became acquainted at Rome, in 1817; and the young Italian master took a great fancy to the French musician, who was already a laureate of the Institute of France. One day, Panseron informed his new friend of his great desire to be received as an honorable member of a Musical Society of Bologna, of which the well known father Matei was President, giving him a fugue which he had just composed, with the request that Rossini—who had begun his musical studies under Matei, and was a great favorite with him—would present it to his former master. Some time after, Panseron asked Rossini if he had received an answer. "Certainly," replied Rossini, "your fugue was sent in, has been highly approved of, and I have the pleasure of announcing to you that you have been nominated as a member of the Society. When you pass through Bologna, you will only have to call on Matei, and he will at once hand you your diploma." Rossini shortly afterwards went to Naples, and Panseron set out on his return to France, taking Bologna on his way; arrived at that city, the latter lost no time in calling on Father Matei—"I am come to thank you," said he to him, "for your kindness in granting the request which Rossini has made to you on my behalf, accompanied with a fugue of my composition; and at the same time to beg you to be so good as to give me my diploma."

"Monsieur," replied the reverend President, shaking his head, "I have received no fugue, Rossini has never spoken to me of you, and you are probably the victim of another trick on the part of my wicked wag of a pupil!"

"This is really too bad!" cried Panseron, much disappointed; and still more mortified to think of the ridiculous position in which he was thus placed, he at once resumed his journey to Paris.

Just forty years have elapsed since this incident; and Panseron, who has not forgotten the mortification caused him by the trick, reminded Rossini of the circumstance, and asked him what had become of his fugue?

"Oh, it's here, safe enough," replied Rossini, touching his forehead, "I will play it for you." And seating himself at the piano, Rossini immediately played from one end to the other, a composition the theme of which had long ago been forgotten by its composer! QUANTUM.

Reproduction of Animalcula.—The navicula comes to maturity at the age of twelve hours; and, under ordinarily favorable circumstances, divides itself into two every twelve hours. It is, therefore, reproduced upon Mr. Malthus's principle that is, according to a geometrical ratio; and, at the end of a month, such is the result of geometrical progression, that, were there no checks to their increase, a single navicula would have produced over eight hundred million living beings. But it would seem that even such a rate of increase is not sufficient for the demand, because some kinds of navicula split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time.

THE IMPERIAL CRADLE: PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF PARIS.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

"After long and fruitless searches for Sir John Franklin and his crews, by English and American Expeditions, their remains were at last discovered in the summer of 1855, on and near Montreal Island, in latitude 69° North, by a party of explorers sent out by the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company.

"Their bones lie buried in the sand within an extent of twelve miles. The region is represented to be dreary in the extreme—not a blade of grass, tree nor shrub to be seen. No game of any kind could be found."

Far in the frozen zone, where piled forever,
Huge crystal mountains pierce the clear cold sky,
And fields of ice, no summer's warmth can sever,
Unchanging lie;

Far from the Esquimaux' rude moss-clad dwelling,
O'er seas untraversed by his light canoe,
Bones bleaching in the snow, a tale are telling,
Fearful—yet true.

A desert isle, washed by the Northern ocean,
There frowns defiance to adventurous pride—
Frost-bound in silence, naught of life or motion
Adorns its side.

No sound is heard, save when the winds of winter
How) round its wastes and sweep its lonely shore,
Or drifting icebergs fiercely crash and splinter,
With sullen roar.

On that drear coast, brave men who vainly cherished
Longings again to tread their native land,
With watching worn, by cold and hunger perished,
A noble band!

Crushed in by moving floe or torn asunder,
Their vessels sunk beneath the treacherous wave,
As the crews fled, in mute suspense and wonder,
A watery grave.

Days, months and years upon that Arctic island,
They bore the blinding snow and piercing gale,
But never saw from shore or icy highland,
The distant sail.

The circling sun, in low rays fatally beaming,
No genial glow of summer round them spread,
And at his set, the phantom lights were streaming
Far over head.

In that long polar night, with many a story
Of perils past, they whiled the wintry hour;
Or sung the ancient songs of England's glory,
Her fame and power.

Storm, darkness, cold and solitude defying,
By pangs of gnawing hunger only moved,
Each lived to cheer his fellow-man, and dying,
Still faithful proved.

When, bending o'er the couch of the departing,
To hear in whispered accents, "home! farewell!"
From every hollow eye the tear just starting,
Froze ere it fell.

The last sad rights performed with true devotion,
They carved his name with unavailing care
Upon the ice-mound raised beside that ocean,
In lone despair.

Thus, one by one, they died—the few true hearted,
Worthier by far of Albion's honored page,
Than they who fought and bled—whose souls departed
In battle's rage.

What though no marble tell their tragic story
To ice-bound voyagers o'er the northern sea;
And wailing winds around the landscape hoary,
Their requiem be;

Where'er their country's royal banner flying
In foreign climes, declares her world-wide sway,
Few of her sons can boast of fame undying
Greater than they.

Long as that isle shall lie, by man forsaken,
And awe the mariner near its rugged side,
The names of those who rest there shall awaken
A nation's pride.

Columbia's Franklin fought the bolt from heaven
To rush to earth along its harmless path,
By Arm of England, warring and was given,
By lingering death.

True patriots they, none sought with higher daring
To rule the wave or lightning fierce to tame,
And kindred lands, though severed wide, are sharing
Their common fame.

Then haste the day, when skill with science blending
In arts of peace, shall join each distant shore,
And through the chain electric, friends are sending
Kind words once more.

While Britain loves to praise the bold endeavor
Of yearly sail hope to brave the polar gloom,
Be it our care and pride to guard forever
Her veteran's tomb.

A Real Skye Terrier.—A mouth the roof whereof is dark as midnight; his glittering eyes are black as jet; his ears short, his legs none of the longest, but his body is; his tail is a triumph, when fairly spread out; and as for the strength with which it is attached to his body, you may hold him up by the aforesaid tail as long as you can—with one hand. Then his hair is pepper-and-salt in hue, long and curly, and—if I may so speak (though no one but myself and the family will know exactly what I mean by it)—with a kind of silken wiriness.—*Blackwood, for February.*

THE IMPERIAL CRADLE.

[See Engraving.]

For the satisfaction of our lady readers, we present this week an engraving of the handsomest cradle in the world.

It has been the custom of the city of Paris, from time immemorial, to present to the reigning monarch of France a cradle for his first-born child. The citizens of the most turbulent city in Europe have their fits of exuberant loyalty, and there are, of course, many living who remember the anxiety with which they sought to exceed their former efforts on the occasion of the birth of the only child of the Emperor Napoleon I. The cradle then offered to the acceptance of the sovereign was considered an admirable work of art, and visitors to Paris have still an opportunity of deciding on its merits upon the occasion of their journey to Versailles, where it is preserved in the smaller palace of the Trianon.

No sooner, therefore, was it last year officially announced that an heir to the throne was within the circle of possible events, than the Prefect of the Seine and his colleagues determined to outdo all that had previously been done. So grand was the conception of those who had the execution of the matter delegated to them, that it was with deep anxiety, artists and jewellers undertook the work. A year was considered scarcely enough to complete the mass of carving in ivory, silver, and gold, of which the cot was to be composed. Still it was determined to make the attempt. The cradle represents the hull of the Roman galley in the armorial bearings of the city of Paris. It is composed of silver, rosewood and ivory, and may be said to exhibit a perfect specimen of the highest art. At the head stands a figure of solid silver, emblematical of the city of Paris, and supporting the imperial crown of France, from which flow in massive folds, rich curtains of sky blue silk, muslin, and lace—the lace being of English embroidered manufacture. The body of the cradle is suspended between two rosewood columns, richly chased with silver, and terminating in foliated claws. On the sides are four oval tablets of Sevres porcelain, representing the cardinal virtues of peace—Force, Vigilance, Prudence and Justice, surrounded by myrtle leaves. Between each medallion are to be seen the initials "N. E." Along the sides three elaborately chased garlands are suspended from a rich gallery of silver filagree work, which encompasses the cradle. At the foot, the arms of Paris are surmounted by the Imperial eagle.

The composition, direction and superintendence of this superb piece of workmanship, were confided to M. Baltard, the architect, in conjunction with Messrs. Fremont and Meurice, the official silversmiths and jewelers of the city of Paris, so well known by their exquisite compositions in the Great Exhibition of Hyde Park. The whole is estimated to have cost $200,000.

CURIOUS TRIALS IN INDIA.

BY SIR ERSKINE PERRY.

When Mr. Read, Commissioner of Benares, was collector at Gorakpur, he one day visited the jail, and happened to ask a prisoner what he was there for. The man smiled, and said, "Murder." Reade replied that murder was no joking matter; on which the man said, "Yes, but I am not guilty; and what is more, the man is alive now." There was something in the man's manner which made Mr. Reade inquire particularly into the case; and the story told him was, that the party supposed to be murdered, who was a barkandaz of police, had had an intrigue with the wife of the prisoner's brother, upon which the prisoner and his three brothers laid a plot to waylay him one night, and give him a good drubbing. They did so accordingly, and the policeman either fell, or was thrown by them, into a river, by the side of which they had been waylaying him. The man being missing, and suspicion being strong against the four brothers, it was agreed amongst themselves that, as harvest time was near, the prisoner should take the crime entirely on his own shoulders, and so get the others liberated. He did so, admitted the murder, and of course was found guilty; but probably on the score of the corpse not being found, was sentenced only to imprisonment for life, and a pension was given to the family of the murdered policeman. This story was told with such vrai similitude, that Reade made a careful inquiry into the whole, and found every word of it true; and after much trouble discovered the policeman hundreds of miles off, acting as a peon at the Court of Nagpore, glad to think that his family, in the meantime, had been well provided for at Gorakpur, by a pension from government for his supposed death. The rogue had no doubt kept purposely out of the way, in order to secure this provision for his family.

My own experience of a famous case at Tanna, tallies well with the above story; for there I saw three prisoners standing at the bar who had given a circumstantial confession of a murder, and pointed out the very spot where the bones of the murdered man would be found. These were produced in court; and part of the clothes and the cart thread of the murdered man were identified by his friends and relations. Yet the doctor, my intelligent friend, Dr. Kirk—who accompanied Sir W. Harris to Abyssinia—on examining the bones ascertained that they belonged to three or four different corpses; and as this incident gave a sort of hitch to the proceedings, and prolonged the trial, the result was, that before it was over, the murdered man himself walked into court, and, it is said, was seen to examine his own bones with infinite curiosity. The story which he told, and which accounted for his remarkable disappearance from his village on the night of the supposed murder, was not the least remarkable part of the tale, and is a good illustration of "Manners in the East." He had been seen last somewhat near the house of the prisoners; and he stated that as he was going homeward, he met four or five Arab soldiers, who pressed him in their train to carry a bundle, and who made him accompany them for a six week's march into the interior, somewhere beyond Poona. When they dismissed him, he was taken ill of fever, and laid some months sick at a village in the Deccan. When, at last, after four months' absence, he got back to his own village, he found that three of his neighbors stood a near chance of being hung, on their own confession, for murdering him. So, like an honest fellow, he made his way to the criminal court, which, luckily for the prisoners, was not above ten miles off. It would seem most probable that the confessions in question had been extorted by the violence of the subordinate native police.

☞ The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody.

A DIME A DAY.

HOW A FAMILY LIVED ON IT.

The city editor of the New York Tribune tells the following story of a poor widow of that city:

"I had," she said, one day last week, only one dime in the world, and that was to feed me and my children all day; for I would not ask for credit and I could not borrow, and I never did beg. I did live through the day, and did not go hungry. I fed myself and family with one dime."

"How?"

"Oh, that was not all. I bought fuel, too."

"What, with one dime?"

"Yes, with one dime. I bought two cents' worth of coke because that is cheaper than coal, and besides I could kindle it with a piece of paper and my little bits of charcoal that some careless boy had dropped in the street just in my path. With three cents I bought a shaggy piece of salt pork—half fat and half lean. There might have been half a pound of it—the man did not weigh it. Now half my money was gone, and the show for breakfast, dinner and supper was certainly a very poor one. With the rest of my dime I bought four cents' worth of white beans. By-the-bye, I got these at night, and soaked them in tepid water on a neighbor's stove till morning. I had one cent left. I bought one cent's worth of corn meal, and the grocery man gave me a red pepper pod."

"What was that for?"

"Wait a little—you shall know. Of all things peppers and onions are appreciated by the poor in winter, because they help to keep them warm. With my meal I made three dumplings, and these with the pork and pepper pod I put into the pot with the beans and plenty of water, for the pork was salt, and boiled the whole two hours, and then we had breakfast, for it was time for the children to go to school. We ate one of the dumplings, and each had a plate of the soup for breakfast, and a very good breakfast it was.

"I kept my pot boiling as long as my coke lasted, and at dinner we ate half the meat, half the soup, and one of the dumplings. We had the same allowance for supper; and the children were better satisfied than I have sometimes seen them when our food has cost five times as much. The next day we had another dime—it was all I could earn, for all I could get to do—two pairs of men's draws each day, at five cents a pair—and on that we lived well. We had a change, too, for instead of corn meal and beans, I got four cents' worth of potatoes—small potatoes, because I could get more of them. I washed them clean so as not to waste anything by paring, and cut them up and boiled them all to pieces with the meat and meal."

"Which went furthest?"

"I can't say. We ate it all each day, and didn't feel the want of more, though the children said 'ma, don't you wish you had a piece of bread and butter to finish off with?' It would have been good to be sure, but bless me, what would a dime's worth of bread and butter be for a family?

"And I had another change the next day."

"What, for another dime?"

"Yes, that was all we had, day after day. We had to live on it. It was very hard, to be sure, but it has taught me something."

"What is that?"

"That poor people could live a great deal cheaper and better than they do, if they knew how to economize their food."

"What was your next change?"

"Oh, yes, I was about to tell you that. Well, I went to the butcher's the night before and bought five cents' worth of little scrap pieces of lean beef, and I declare I think I got as much as a pound; and this I cut into bits, and soaked over night—an all important process for a soup or a stew—cooking it in the same water. Then I bought two cents' worth of potatoes and one cent's worth of meal—that made the eight cents; two had to go for fuel every day, and the paper I got my purchases in, served for kindling. The meal I wet up into stiff dough, and worked it into little round balls as big as grapes, and the potatoes I cut up into slices, and all together made a stew or chowder, seasoned with small onions and part of a pepper pod that I got with the potatoes. It was very good, but it did not go quite so far as the soup, either day, or else the fresh meat tasted so good that we wanted to eat more. But I can tell you, small as it may seem to you, there is a great deal of good eating in one dime."

So there is—what a pity everybody don't know it. What a world of good might be done with a dime.

A Tender Lamb.—Several women were in love with Byron, but none so violently as Caroline Lamb. She absolutely besieged him. He showed me the first letter he received from her, in which she assured him that, if he was in any want of money, all her jewels were at his service. They frequently had quarrels; and more than once, in coming home, I found Lady C. walking in the garden, and waiting for me, to beg that I would reconcile them. When she met Byron at a party she would always, if possible, return home from it in *his* carriage, and accompanied by him. I recollect particularly their returning to town together from Holland House. But such was the insanity of her passion for Byron, that sometimes, when not invited to a party where he was to be, she would wait for him in the street till it was over! One night, after a great party, at Devonshire House, to which Lady Caroline had not been invited, I saw her—yes, saw her—talking to Byron, with half of her body thrust into the carriage which he had just entered. In spite of all this absurdity, my firm belief is that there was nothing criminal between them. Byron, at last, was sick of her. When their intimacy was at an end, and while she was living in the country, she burned, very solemnly, on a sort of funeral pile, *transcripts* of all the letters which she had received from Byron, and a copy of a miniature (his portrait) which he had presented to her—several girls from the neighborhood, whom she had dressed in white garments, dancing round the pile, and singing a song which she had written for the occasion. "Burn, fire, burn, etc." She was mad; and her family allowed her to do whatever she chose.—*Rodger's Table Talk.*

The Tortoise-Shell Tom-Cat.—A tortoise-shell tom-cat and a Queen Anne's farthing, appear in popular estimation, to enjoy a corresponding rarity. The coin is scarce and so is the cat, but neither is so rare as traditional tale would have us believe, and this hardly allows their existence. The "tortoise-shell" is one of the most noted of the varieties of the domestic cat; and its marks, resembling tortoise-shell, are ascribed to a cross breed of black and yellow. Males are scarce; and every year specimens are offered for sale to the Zoological Society of London, as rarities worthy of a place in their fine menagerie.

A LIFELONG DEATH-BED.

On Friday, the 7th of March, were consigned to their final resting-place in the church-yard of Keighley, England, the mortal remains of one of the most eccentric individuals that ever lived. In fact, a parallel seems scarcely possible, of a man voluntarily going to bed in good health and remaining there for a period of forty-nine years.

The subject of the following remarks, who went by the cognomen of "Old Threelaps," but whose real name was Wm. Sharp, lived at a place called "Worlds," not far from Braithwaite, in the parish of Keighley. He was the son of a small farmer, and from an early age never showed much inclination to steady work. For a while he followed the trade of a weaver, but more frequently neglected his loom to range the neighboring moors with his gun, often spending whole nights in the open air. When thirty years of age he took to his bed, which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral.

Owing to his great age, and the very few of his own standing who survive him retaining no more than a slight recollection of the events of that period, the cause of this extraordinary conduct is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty. But the principal reason seems to have been a matrimonial disappointment. The wedding-day was fixed. This singular character, then a young and doubtless ardent lover, accompanied by a friend, wended his way down to the parish church, and there patiently awaited the arrival of the bride elect. But the bride never came. The father of the damsel sternly and steadily refused his consent. This, combined, it may have been, with other grievances, imaginary and real, preyed heavily on a mind certainly not endowed with more than average intellect, and bearing unmistakeable traces of hereditary singularity; and the result was that the young man consigned himself to a small room, measuring about nine feet in every direction, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence between the blankets, which resolution he kept most unflinchingly. The floor of this room was covered with stone flags, certainly not too dry; in one corner was a fireplace, which could only be used when the wind blew from one or two points of the compass; the window was permanently fastened, and where some of the squares had been broken was carefully patched with wood. At the time of his death this window had never been opened for thirty-eight years! The sole furniture comprised an antique clock, minus weight and pendulum, the hands and face of which were covered with a thick network of cobwebs; a small round table of dark oak; and a plain unvarnished four-post bed, entirely without hangings. In this dreary cell, whose only inlet for fresh air during thirty-eight years was the door occasionally left open, did this strange being inmure himself. He obstinately refused to speak to any one—and, if spoken to, never answered those who were his attendants. In fact, all trace of intellectual development seemed to have become either dormant or extinct, and the only faculties which remained in active exercise were those which man holds in common with the inferior animals. His father, by his will, made provision for the temporal wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant. His meals he ate regularly when brought to him, and latterly in a very singular manner; for in process of time his legs became contracted and drawn up towards his body, and when about to eat his food he used to roll himself over and so take his meals in a kneeling posture. He was generally cleanly in his habits.

During the whole period of his self-imposed confinement this singular being never had any serious illness; the only case of indisposition those connected with him can remember being a slight loss of appetite, caused apparently by indigestion, for two or three days; and this was not surprising, for he ate on the average as much as any farm laborer. He certainly, physically at least, did credit to his food; for though arrived at the long age of seventy-nine years, his flesh was firm, fair, and unwrinkled save with fat, and the estimate of his weight was two hundred and forty pounds, or thereabouts.

As a matter of course the curious came far and wide to see this eccentric being, and whenever a stranger was ushered into his den he immediately buried his head in the bed-clothes.

About a week before his death his appetite began to fail. His limbs became partially benumbed, so that he could not take his food in his accustomed manner. From this attack he seemed to rally, and not until the evening before his death were any apprehensions entertained that the attack would prove ultimately fatal. However, during the night he became rapidly worse, and departed this life at 4 A. M., on Monday, the 3rd of March. Shortly before he expired he was heard to exclaim—"Poor Bill! Poor Bill! Poor Bill Sharp!" the most connected sentence he had been known to utter for many a year. His remains were interred in the graveyard of the parish church of Keighley, by the Rev. H. Richardson, M. A., curate of the district in which he had resided. The greatest curiosity prevailed to see the last of this singular being, and the church and churchyard were densely crowded. The coffin excited considerable attention from its extraordinary shape, being more like a great oak chest than a coffin. It was two feet four inches in depth; and so great was its weight that it required eight men with strong ropes to lower it into the grave. The weight of the coffin and its contents was estimated at four hundred and eighty pounds.

To Measure Hay in Mows.—The editor of *The New Jersey Farmer* says that he has proved the following rule for finding the number of tons of hay in a given bulk:

"Take a mow of 12 or 16 feet in depth, and which has been filled with hay, as it was drawn from the field, and has been lying till spring, and measure the length, breadth, and height, in feet multiply them to get the cubical contents. For instance—the length is 20 feet, breadth 40 feet, and height 16 feet—20 times 40 make 800, multiplied by 16, equal to 12,800 cubic feet, which, being divided by 700, the number of feet that make a ton of 2,000 lbs., will give 18 tons 200 lbs. The top of a mow, say about one-third, we rate at 800 feet to the ton, the middle 700 feet, and the bottom of the mow at 600—so the whole bulk would average 700 feet, if the mow is 12 or 16 feet deep, but if only 6 or 8 feet deep, count 800 feet for a ton, and so accordingly with other bulks."

From Spain.—A recent steamer brought dispatches addressed by the Spanish Minister of Foreign Relations to our Minister at Madrid, in reply to the demands made at different times for redress in the matter of firing into and detaining the steamer Eldorado by the Spanish man-of-war Ferrolano.

The Spanish Government most decidedly but courteously refused to comply with the wishes of our Government, and the Minister argues that, according to the law of nations, the commander of the Ferrolano did nothing more than the peculiar circumstances at that time in the neighborhood of Havana justified.

Disappearance of Paroquets.—Those persons who resided in Cincinnati fifty years ago, recollect that the forests in the valleys of Mill Creek, the Great and Little Miami and Whitewater, were enlivened with the gay plumage of flocks of paroquets. Like the aborigines, these birds seem destined to disappear before the improvements of the white man. We learn that flocks of twenty or more, were recently seen in Decatur county, Iowa. This is the first we have heard of these birds being found so far North. On the first settlement of the Western country, we are informed, it was rare to see paroquets north of 39 degrees—they being habituated to a Southern climate.

Death of Bochsa.—Dr. Dudee, of this city, has received a letter, from Australia, announcing the death, on the 7th of January last, of Charles Bochsa, the well-known musical composer and harpist. He died, at Sydney, of dropsy, the result of ossification of the valves of the heart.—Bochsa was a man of extraordinary musical ability, and ranked highly, both as a composer and performer, in the musical circles of England, where he founded the London Musical Academy. He was the teacher of Madame Anna Bishop, whose success, both in Europe and America, attest the excellence of the instructions she received.

A Little Heliogabel!—The London Court Journal, of the 5th of April, publishes the following:—Upwards of 7,000 men of the Crimean army are under orders to proceed direct to Canada, with a view to the protection of the frontier in the event of hostilities with the United States.

NEWS ITEMS.

Adulterated Liquors.—The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury, states that during the last few days, six persons have died in that city from the use of liquors sold at cheap grog shops.

John A. Washington has written a letter, which is published in the National Intelligencer, stating that he was willing to sell Mount Vernon to Virginia or the United States, but both declining to purchase, the property was not for sale.

A very costly experiment has been tried on the New York and Erie Railroad, with a "hot air" locomotive. Like the Ericsson hot air engine, it was found so much less effective than steam, that the hot air engine has been turned into a regular steam engine for the use of the locomotive.

Bad for the Apothecaries.—The report of the N. Y. Homœopathic Dispensary, gives the result of 754 cases treated at their infirmary by the physicians at the cost of only $4,81 for medicine, though the prescriptions given amount to 8,049.

Rev. A. G. Vermilye, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Newburyport, has declined an increase of salary proposed by his people. Why do not the authorities take out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo?* It is a most curious case.

The ladies of Charleston, S. C., have raised $16,500 for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of John C. Calhoun.

The privilege of opening tobacconists shops in Paris is now almost exclusively reserved for the wounded soldiers of the Crimean army.

Artificial Wines.—Port wines are often manufactured from bad claret and red wine, by the addition of a substance consisting of extract of elderberry juice, Lisbon grapes, burnt sugar, brandy, bitter almonds, and logwood.

New Textile Fabric.—A method has been devised for making a cloth or fabric which has the appearance of being partly crape and partly Orleans cloth. To effect this, the warp of the fabric is made of worsted or other suitable yarn, and a weft of woolen yarn used for some parts, and of worsted yarn for other parts, the different qualities of weft producing a different cloth in the same web. A great variety of fabrics may thus be produced in one web of cloth, for various uses, by the use of alpacca, mohair, silk and other weft.

Damages for Seized Liquors.—The tavern-keepers of Boston, who had their liquor seized in Massachusetts under the prohibition law, and which was pronounced unconstitutional, are suing the sheriff for damages. One recovered $700 of the sheriff on Wednesday week.

Audubon states that grouse, although abounding in Southern Kentucky, were not eaten by the inhabitants of that region, previous to his sojourn among them, about 1825. Before this time, when they became troublesome about the fields, large numbers were killed and thrown aside as valueless! He, however, discovered their excellence as a table luxury, and in this merits the gratitude of the epicure, as in the walks of his chosen and beautiful field of investigation, he merits the admiration and gratitude of all lovers of science.

Of late, a Missouri river pilot, of high standing and enviable reputation for competency and temperance, was suspended by the Board, for sleeping at repeated times during his watch, and leaving the wheel in charge of an unlicensed pilot. Time of suspension, six months.

Machine for Pegging Boots and Shoes.—A new machine for this purpose has been brought forward. The boot is placed on one part of the machine and a stick of wood on another; motion being given, one portion of the mechanism operates to prick the holes with an awl, another to make the pegs, another to feed the pegs to the mouth of the holes, and another to drive the pegs home. These various operations are performed with great rapidity, about two minutes only being required to double peg each boot.

Another Arctic Expedition Proposed.—Mr. Henry Grinnell has just received a letter from Lady Franklin, in which she expresses a desire that Dr. Kane should visit England for the purpose of taking charge of another Arctic Expedition. She still hopes that some survivor of Sir John Franklin's party may be found living among the Esquimaux, from whom might be obtained the particulars of her husband's fate. She proposes to fit out a propeller at her own expense, and give the command to Dr. Kane.

A despatch from Erie, Pa., states that a mob assembled there on the night of the 26th, and destroyed the office of the *Constitutional* newspaper, which had advocated the railroad interests and defended the action of the Pennsylvania Legislature in passing the act restoring the charter of the Erie and North Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The mob was also threatening to destroy the railroad property.

Mexico is again peaceful. Tamarez had fled the country. It is said that the Archbishop of Mexico has offered Gen. Commonfort $500,000 to have the decree sequestering the Church property revoked, but the proposal was not accepted.

The amount of forged land warrants already discovered exceeds one million of acres. The investigation is still in progress, and additional frauds are daily coming to light.

A Chance for Architects.—The Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company offer a premium of $200 for the best plan for a passenger station at Harrisburg, Pa., to be 400 feet long by 100 wide.

Dramatic Prizes.—Mr. Joseph Proctor, of Boston, will give $1,000 for the best five act tragedy, and $500 for the best drama furnished to him before the 1st of October. The judges are to be selected—one from Philadelphia, one from New York, and one from Boston.

Advance in Diamonds.—An advance of from 20 to 25 per cent. has taken place in Paris, in the price of diamonds, which are being bought up for Russia.

French Immigrants.—It is said that large numbers of French immigrants will sail for the United States this year.

The London Times and its Advertising.—The advertising columns of the London Times are estimated to yield the establishment the enormous sum of $8,000,000 per annum. One firm alone pays the Times as high as $150,000 a year for advertising, and there are several business establishments that pay it over $50,000 a year for advertising alone.

The "Minnehaha."—We heard a *critique* upon the name "Minnehaha" for a ship, a day or two ago, by an old sailor, that is worth mentioning. "How do you like the name, Jack?" he was asked, on board the Chelsea ferry boat, as they were passing the ship. "The name's well enough," said he; "but s'pose that vessel should be spoke at sea in a gale of wind—'What ship's that?' and the answer be 'Mannehaha;' the one as spoke her would go right in and report hailing a ship at sea, and getting for an answer nothing but a horse laugh through a' trumpet." Jack thought he had done the business for the name.—*Boston Paper*

The amount of gold exported from Australia during 1855, was about $60,000,000.

P. T. Barnum.—Upwards of two hundred influential citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., have issued an invitation to their fellow citizens to attend a meeting to be held this evening, for the purpose of giving public expression to their sympathy with Mr. Barnum, in his recent financial misfortunes.

Washington, April 22.—A private despatch from Rock Island, says the first passenger train of cars crossed the Mississippi Bridge on the 22nd.

The U. S. Marshal's Fine.—Prosecuting Attorney Cox, yesterday, issued an execution upon H. H. Robinson for three hundred dollars and costs, which he was sentenced to pay by Judge Burgoyne, for contempt of Court, in taking away the children of the slave Margaret, contrary to the injunction of the Probate Court. It was placed in the hands of the Sheriff to be served. The United States Treasury paid a former fine of $50, and will now, of course, foot the $300 bill.—*Cincinnati Commercial, of Tuesday.*

The "Confiscation" in Connecticut.—The confiscation of Catholic Church property in Connecticut, amounts to just no "confiscation" at all, as we learn from the Hartford Courant. By the law of Connecticut, which vests church property in the State in case of the death of the Bishop, it is made incumbent upon the State Treasurer to convey the property to the society or congregation who have occupied it, immediately upon their becoming incorporated. It appears, therefore, that the State merely fills the gap temporarily, and that the congregations who built the churches and paid for them will soon get the use of them.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 189—Adults 91, and children 98.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Georgia.—At the municipal election recently in Augusta, Ga., George W. Evans, American, was elected Mayor. Also nine Americans out of twelve Councilmen. Two Democrats elected and one a tie.

New York.—The political Abolitionists, headed by Garrit Smith, Lewis Tappan, and Wm. Goodell, have called a National Convention, to meet at Syracuse on the 28th of May, to nominate national candidates favorable to the abolition of slavery. They say that the Republican party does not go far enough; its anti-slavery being confined to opposition to the *extension* of slavery.

Massachusetts.—In the Senate on the 22nd, the majority and minority reports upon the Liquor Law came up, the latter being in the form of a bill in effect restoring the license system—when, on motion of Mr. White, of Norfolk, the whole matter was indefinitely postponed by a nearly unanimous vote. This leaves the Liquor Law unchanged.

Missouri.—The Benton Democrace have nominated Thomas H. Benton for Governor. The Atchison division have nominated Trusten Polk.

Mr. Fillmore and the Presidency.—Mr. John P. Kennedy, a confidential friend of Mr. Fillmore, and presumed to speak knowingly, declared recently, that Mr. F. *will* accept the nomination for the Presidency, which has been tendered him. So learns the Wilmington (N. C.) Herald.

The Savannah Republican having received assurances from a source entitled to confidence, that Mr. Fillmore will accept the Presidential nomination, and on "terms entirely safe and satisfactory to the South, and just to every portion of the Union," it has run up his flag, with that of Mr. Donelson.

The U. S. Senate.—The terms of the following Senators expire on the 3rd of March, 1857:—Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Isaac Toucy, of Connecticut; Charles T. James, of Rhode Island; John R. Thompson, of New Jersey; Richard Brodhead, of Pennsylvania; Hamblin, of Maine; Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, and Hamilton Fish, of New York. There are, besides, two vacancies to be filled, one in California and one in Indiana. It will thus be seen that *ten* Senators are to be elected from the free States by the Legislatures to be chosen during the year, principally either in October preceding the Presidential election, or on the day of that election. Connecticut and Rhode Island already have elected legislatures opposed to the national administration.

Tammany Hall.—At the annual election for Sachems and other officers of the "Columbian Order," there were two tickets in nomination, and quite a spirited contest took place. One bore the names of gentlemen acknowledged to be friendly to Mr. Pierce, and the other those friendly to Mr. Buchanan, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Upon the latter ticket was the name of Mayor Wood. The Pierce ticket was successful.—*New York Paper.*

Michigan.—The Detroit (Mich.) Tribune has returns of the recent township election held in that State, which show that the Republicans have carried 28 counties, the Democrats 9. Of the 500 Supervisors elected, the Republicans claim 275, a majority of 45. Several of the counties now carried by the Republicans were formerly strongly Democratic.

North Carolina.—The Democrats and the "Americans" have both held their State Conventions in North Carolina. The former nominated Gov. Thomas Bragg for re-election. The Americans nominated Jno. A. Gilmer for the same office. The Democratic Convention expressed its preference for Franklin Pierce for President, and Jas. C. Dobbin for Vice President.

The Presidency.—Gen. Sam. Houston is out as an independent candidate for the Presidency: He repudiates all political caucusses and conventions, and announces as his platform—Opposition to the domestic and foreign policy of the present administration; a restoration of the retired naval officers, and a condemnation of no citizen without a hearing.

One of the Horses.—We have heard horse stories before now, and the biggest kind of fish stories; but the one we are about to copy now, takes the rag off the bush entirely. We find it in the columns of the Amherst Express, as communicated to that paper by a correspondent, who owns the horse in question. Our readers may believe it just as much as they please, but as we are not acquainted with that horse, we prefer to hold back. Among other incidents, the writer communicates the following:

"One day last week he was driven a few miles out of town, and on his return, some time in the afternoon, was fed with meal and cut feed as usual, but for his supper he had nothing but dry hay, which did not agree very well with his sense of right, after travelling twenty miles with a load, through snow drifts. However he had kept his thoughts to himself till we were out of the way for the night; then sundering his rope in some way, he passed through the cow stable, crossed the barn floor and the carriage room to the granary, at the further end of the barn, some forty feet where he had often seen us get the meal for him; he there found two bags of meal, standing by the bin, tied up, but the top one being too heavy for his purpose, he threw it aside, and after examining the other bag, which weighed between fifty and sixty pounds, he took it in his teeth, and carried it about twenty feet, to a clean spot in the barn floor. Finding it difficult to untie, he cut a hole in the side, and shook out about a peck of meal, and ate what he wished; and seeing the cow (the only companion he has there long winter nights) looking with a longing eye at his pile of meal, he took up the bag again, and carried it about ten feet further to the manger, and shook out some more meal for her. They were found in the morning feasting together."

Not Ready Yet.—The following dialogue took place between the booking clerk of the Selby station of the North-Eastern Railway, and an old woman who probably expected a little money left at the decease of some relation or friend, and who, no doubt, was wishful to learn how much surplus cash there would be after all funeral expenses were paid. The circumstance happened about a fortnight ago:

Old Woman: J'please, sir, how mich will a corpse cost from Hull?

Clerk: (So much.)

Old Woman: An' how mich will't cost to Market Weighton?

Clerk: (So much.)

Old Woman: That'll mack sa mich. It comes to a sight o' brass.

Clerk: When will the corpse be at the Hull station, as a proper vehicle for its conveyance will have to be provided?

Old Woman: Oh, weel, it's not dead yet.

Globotype Telegraph.—The London Artizan contains an illustrated description of a new and peculiar telegraph bearing the above name, invented by David McCallum, of Stonehouse, Devon, Eng. The leading characteristic of this invention consists in releasing small glass balls of three different colors—white, black and blue—in such a manner as to fall over a series of inclined planes, and drop into their proper places, where, by their color and the way they are made to arrange themselves, they form a message. These balls are thrown out one by one at the will of the operator, and as multiplied and intermixed they form the alphabet, like Prof. Morse's dots, spaces and dashes.

Lockjaw.—I have noticed, lately, several deaths by lockjaw, and for the information of all I will give a certain remedy. When any one runs a nail or any sharp iron in any part of his body, take a common smoke pipe, fill it with tobacco, light it well, then take a cloth or silk handkerchief, place it over the bowl of the pipe and blow the smoke through the stem into the wound; two or three pipefuls will be sufficient to set the wound discharging. I have tried it myself, and five others, and found it gave immediate relief. If the wound has been some days standing it will open again if the tobacco is good. Try it, any one who may chance to get such a wound.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle at the pens were about 325 head, (8 of which were sold for New York, 40 were left over unsold, and the balance (285 head) were sold to Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3.75 to 5,50 on the hoof, equal to $7.50@10,50 net, and averaging $4.62½ gross. These prices are not materially different from those obtained on last market day.

Hogs—Hogs are coming forward more freely, and prices have declined. Sales were made at the scales at $7.75@8 per 100 lbs.

Sheep—We have to note this week a further slight decline in Sheep. The sales were made at $5@5,75 per 100 lbs. gross.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, April 26th, 1856.

The markets during the past week has been ruled rather dull on account of the unsettled state of the weather. Breadstuffs have further declined under the unfavorable tenor of the late foreign news, and prices of most kinds are unsettled and drooping. Meats had advanced. Coffee is held in the way of speculation, but without much movement. Coal and Iron are quiet. Groceries and Provisions continue very firm, with rather more doing. Hides and Leather meet with ready sale at full rates. Lumber is more active. Rice is rather lower. Seeds—The demand for all kinds has fallen off, and the price of Cloverseed is unsettled and much lower. Timothy is also lower, and Wool is steady with moderate transactions. In other articles there are no important changes to notice. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week:

		ENGLAND.			
Flour	bbls.	1,000	Rye,	bus.	17,455
Pork,	do	1,452	Bacon	lbs.	84,600
do	tcs	200	Pork,	hds.	84
Beef,	do	2,854	Oil Cake,	bags.	3,003
		WEST INDIES.			
Flour	bbls.	3,953	Cheese	lbs.	3,407
Corn Meal		1,179	Lard,		11,257
Rye do		50	Candles		11,554
Ship Bread		150	Soap		86,202
Beef		50	Coal	tons	536
Vinegar		40	Corn	bus.	2,004
Hams	lbs.	12,402	Peas		300
Lard	lbs.	11,500	Rice	casks	30
Butter		3,514	Oat Meal	casks	20
		BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.			
Corn Meal	bbls.	240	Naval Stores		40
Rye Meal		675	Coal	tons	220
Ship Bread		150			
		OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.			
Flour	bbls.	3,497	Lard,	lbs.	8,241
Ship Bread		121	Butter		1,071
Beef,		406	Cheese		2,650
Naval Stores		450	Candles		900
Rice		206	Tobacco		12,534
Pepper	bags	42	Domestics	pcs.	112
Sugar	boxes	350	Wine,	do	197

Ashes.—The market is nearly bare, and prices are steadily on the advance.

Bark.—There is very little arriving, and about 200 hhds Quercitron have been taken in lots at 32⅝ for 1st quality No 1, which is an advance.

Beeswax.—Is generally held above the views of buyers, and very dull. 26c is offered for good Yellow.

Bread.—Prices have declined 1c ⅌ lb, and there is a moderate business to-day.

Coal.—Is in fair demand, and prices are somewhat unsettled; the Schuylkill Navigation to have reduced their rates of toll 1c ⅌ ton on those of last year, the Reading Railroad have made no change, but we hear the Company will allow a drawback of the 6⅌ ton on coal shipped from Richmond to ports where no drawbacks have been heretofore allowed by them. Orders come in slowly.

Candles.—There is no change in the market, and about the usual business to note. Sales to the extent of 1,000 boxes Sperm are reported at the quotations.

Coffee.—Holders are very firm in their demands, but buyers come forward slowly, and only about 2,500 bags have been taken in small lots by the trade, part distressed, at from 10½ to 10c for Rio, and 11@12c for Laguayra; about 300 mats Java also have been sold at 13¼@14c, all on the usual credit. The bulk of the sales were of Rio.

Cotton.—With fair receipts and moderate demand from manufacturers, the market has remained about stationary during the week. The foreign news stiffened prices somewhat, but within a day or two the inquiry has fallen off, and at the close there were more sellers than buyers, at previous quotations. Sales in all reach about 2,500 bales, at from 11@12c for Upland, and 12@13c for Gulf, cash and time.

Feathers.—Good Western are scarce, with a small business doing, and quotations range at 52½c ⅌ lb, as to lots.

Fruits.—Several cargoes of Sicily have been landing this week, and sales of Oranges and Lemons to the extent of 2,500 boxes reported, the latter selling at $5@5,50 ⅌ box, as to condition; about 1,500 bus Africa Peas have sold to arrival at 87½c for public. Domestic Fruit is scarce, and good lots are saleable at quotations.

Fish.—There is a fair store demand for Mackerel, but prices have receded somewhat in favour of the buyer. Sales are making in lots for the country trade, at $@21 for large; $15 for shore do; $13@14 for medium and $12@13 for No 3, as to condition; the latter are scarce. Several cargoes of Halifax and Magdalene shell have arrived, part of which have been disposed of from the vessel, on terms not public, and part have gone into store. Herring and Codfish are quiet at about former quotations.

Flour and Meal.—The foreign news has depressed and unsettled the market for Breadstuffs generally, and with increased receipts and a limited export demand, the price of Flour, common superfine especially, of which the bulk of the stock is now composed, is fully 25⅌ bbl lower, the week's extremely reaching some 8@7,000 bbls in small lots, mostly at $6,75@7,00 for common and good straight brands, including extra at $7,25@7,50; and specially the latter for fancy and family. The common superfine was very dull at $6@6,25 ⅌ bbl. The home demand is also limited within the above range of prices for common to good retailing brands and extra, and that for fancy family Flour. Corn Meal is nearly but quiet, and about 1,500 bbls Penna Meal, only fixed buyers at $3 ⅌ bbl. Rye Flour has declined, sales of about 1,000 bbls are reported at $4,87½@5, closing at the former rate. The receipts for the week are 13,913 bbls Flour, 3,509 bbls Corn Meal, and 945 do Rye Flour.

Grain.—Receipts of Wheat are beginning to come forward by canal, and the market is dull and unsettled, most of the receipts offered being of poor quality; prices of this description are 10@15c ⅌ bushel lower, and 1,000@1,500 bushels sold principally for shipment at $1,45@1,60 for fair to prime reds, and $1,80@1,70 for white, as to quality, the latter for choice; but the bulk of the sales were at $1,5 a 1,55 for fair to good Penna white. Rye has also been unsettled, and about 25,000 bus Western were disposed of at 72@73c, including some lots at rather less; the receipts for the week are 3,509 bushels, the former price. Corn has been in steady request for shipment, and about 60,000 bushels mixed yellow were taken at Sby in store, and 47c afloat, including some lots delivered at the latter price, and inferior and dusty at 34@36c ⅌ bus less. Oats are lower, with sales of 35,000 bushels, mostly Penna, at 33@35c afloat; we quote to-day at the former price.

Guano.—There is an active demand for all kinds at the established rates. Some Columbian received coastwise, met with ready sales at $30@40 ⅌ ton, as to lots.

Ginseng.—There is not much doing in Crude for the want of stock. Some small lots, however, are reported at 38@40c ⅌ lb.

Hemp.—The market remains inactive, the stock being about all in the hands of the manufacturers.

Hides continue scarce and wanted at fully previous rates. An import of some 4,000 dry African sold before arrival, on terms not public, and about 5,200 from Laguayra, just in, were also disposed of previously at 23 cts. for Caracas, on the usual credit.

Hops rule dull, with a small business to notice at 8@10c for the best Eastern and Western.

Iron.—A new and interesting aspect is given to the market abroad by recent advices. The demand for all descriptions of iron have considerably increased, and promises to insure an upward tendency in prices—most descriptions having already advanced. Heavy demands for railroads have affected Welsh iron favorably. And prices for all descriptions of iron rule decidedly firmer.

Transactions in this market have been limited, and for moderate amounts. The sales of pig in the past week reach about 1,000 tons. Prices are firm. We quote No 1 at $28, No 2 $26, No 3 $25; Blue $27@28; rails $25; and mine $26@27; sheet is in better request, mostly quoted at $42; plates are unchanged.

Lead.—The market is quiet. An import of some 2,200 pigs foreign, noted last week, have been disposed of at a private bargain.

Leather.—The demand for all kinds is far in advance of the supply, and the market continues buoyant and firm.

Lumber.—There is no change to White Pine arriving or for sale. Some considerable sales of Southern flooring are reported, most of which were previously contracted for at $16@25. Of Yellow Pine Boards, which are dull, sales are making at $12@15. Shingles are selling more freely at from 22 to 28 for Cedar; 28 to 30 for Long Cypress; 3 feet for Shed, and 3,50 ⅌ M for Hemlock. A cargo of Laths sold at $1,30 ⅌ M.

Molasses.—There is a better demand for New Orleans, which is scarce, and prices are looking up. Sales to the extent of 600 bbls are reported in small lots at 44@46c as to quality, with usual credit. Other kinds remain unaltered. Clayed Cuba is worth 32c and Muscovado 33c, on time.

Naval Stores.—The market is about stationary, with a small business doing in Spirits Turpentine, at 33@34c ⅌ gallon, cash and time. Some 1,500 bbls of Rosin have also been disposed of at $1,70@1,75 for common and $3,25@3,50 ⅌ bbl for fine. Tar and Pitch sell in lots as wanted at about $2 ⅌ bbl.

Oils.—The market for Fish Oils is quiet, with a moderate demand for Sperm at previous rates. Whale about previous quotations. Lard and Linseed Oils are dull. We quote the former at 80c and the latter at 82@83c, with small sales.

Plaster continues scarce and in request, and a cargo sale is reported at $4 ⅌ ton for wet.

Provisions.—Pork has advanced, the stock, however, is very light, and small sales are now making at $18. Of Hams the sales are also limited at 8½@9c ⅌ lb. Some 200 bbls Beef cuts have been taken, mostly at private for Mess; Shoulders are worth 5½, and Hams 11@12c, as to quality, with a small business doing. Green Meats meet with a fair demand, and 20 casks have been taken, part before arrival, at 9@9½c for Hams, and 4½c for Shoulders, at short time; Sides are held at 8@8½c, and Shoulders at 5½@6c. Lard is quiet and dull, and 75 bbls for keg; 2,000 kegs brought the former price, 60 days. Butter moves off slowly at 16@18c for packed, and 22@25c for roll. Cheese is in limited demand at 9@10c ⅌ lb.

Rice is inactive, and about 1c lower, with sales of 500 casks in lots, mostly at 6@6½c, from the wharf.

Salt.—The import of 500 sacks from Liverpool, noticed last week, is the only one into store.

Seeds.—There is not much offering, but the demand for Cloverseed has fallen off within a day or two, and there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, the week's transactions being mostly in small lots, at from $5 to 5,25 ⅌ bushel, closing at the former price, which is a decline; buyers now refuse to bid, Tuesday's sale excepted. Timothy continues dull, with further small sales of prime Seed at $1,50 ⅌ bush. Flaxseed is quiet and but little offering at $1,75@1,85 for domestic.

Spirits.—There is very little movement in Brandy, and the cargo of Rochelle previously noticed has mostly all gone into store. Prices are very firm. Gins are steady, with small sales. N E Rum is dull at 45c for whole lots. Whiskey continues unsettled and lower, with moderate transactions. Bbls are quoted at 24@25c, and hhds at 24c ⅌ gallon.

Sugar.—The market has been inactive during the past week, owing to the unsettled state of the weather; holders are very firm in their demands, and sales have up about 1,000 hhds in lots from the wharf at 7½@8 for Cuba and New Orleans, and 9@9½c for Porto Rico, on the usual terms.

Tallow.—Is moving off freely at 10@10½ ⅌ lb for city rendered.

Teas.—Are firm, with moderate sales at fully former quotations.

Tobacco.—The market is quiet, with a light stock of Leaf to operate in. Of Manufactured the sales have been moderate, without change in rates.

Wines.—Are inactive, with a small business to note at full rates.

Wool.—The market has been quiet, but without any material variation to note; there is a fair inquiry for the fine grades as to fleece, and sellers to a moderate extent are reported within the range of 45@60c ⅌ lb, on the usual credit, the latter for choice clips.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supplies of Beef Cattle this week reach about 1,600 head, mostly received by railroad. Of Cows and Calves some 200 are offered. Hogs 1,500, and Sheep and Lambs, 4,500.

PRICES, &c.—The demand for Beef Cattle continues active, as most of the lots at market were taken at from $9 to $11 the 100 lb. for inferior to prime qualities.

Cows and Calves are also in fair request, at from $20 to $45 according to condition.

Hogs—The receipts, which were by railroad, were all taken by the city butchers, at $8@8,50 the 100 lb.

Sheep and Lambs meet with a good demand, and ordinary to good lots brought $7,50, including some fancy lots at $8@8,50 each.

Hay—The market is nearly steady at 120@150 the load for the better qualities. Common to coarse are worth nominal.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1,200 Beeves, about 80 stores, 1,700 Sheep and lambs, and 4,000 Swine.

Prices.—Market Beef—Extra, $9½; first quality, $9; second do, $8@8½; third do, $8.

Harrowing Cattle—None.

Working Oxen—150, 135, 140, 150@225.

Milch Cows—$35, 36, 40, 45@50.

Veal Calves—$4, 4½, 5, fair.

Three-year Old—$29, 32, 34, 45@50.

Hides—7c per lb. (None but slaughter at this market.)

Calf Skins—10@11c per lb.

Tallow—10c; rough 7@8c ⅌ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—in lots $4, 5, 5½; extra $12.

Pelts—$1? Pulled Wool 2—@30c.

Swine—Wholesale, Spring 5@6c; retail sales; fat Hogs, undressed, dull at 6@7c.

Remarks.—Market well attended, but not as active as last week. Number of stock cars over the different railroads—Fitchburg 50; Lowell 30; Boston and Maine 20; Worcester 450 —270 of the last were Hogs from Albany.

N. H.—Beeves—These are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per lb of the estimated weight of Beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow at the same price.

Market Beef—Extra are the largest fat oxen, and are highly stall fed. First quality comprises large oxen stall fed at least three months. Second quality includes grass and hay fed oxen, well fatted cows and the best three year old steers. Third quality takes up the odds and ends of droves.

Harrowing Cattle are large old oxen, not very fleshy. Stores consist of working oxen, cows and calves, and one, two, and three years old.

Milch Cows—The prices of these depend altogether upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra consists of choice bucks and fancy ewes for stock.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Ashes.—The market is decidedly better for Pots, with all offered taken, about at last quotations. Sales of Pearls at $7,12½@7,25, the latter rate is firmly asked.

Breadstuffs.—The week's sales of State and Western Flour are 12,000 bbls, the former for export and home consumption, and the latter for export and home consumption, and the latter for export and home consumption, and the latter

COTTON SUPERSEDED BY SILK.—The Paris correspondent of the London Atlas says:

We hail with delight the announcement that a savant has just made so valuable a discovery in the art of preparing silk, that this article will become cheaper and more common than cotton.—This savant, it appears, one day, having nothing else to do, began to think, which is wonderful for a savant, says Alphonse Karr—that there was but one creature capable of producing silk—that there was but one description of vegetable matter, that of the mulberry tree, fitted for that creature's food, therefore, the silky substance must lie; not in the animal, but in the vegetable matter: so at once the savant set about ("What! eating mulberries!" interrupted the *gamin* Prince Napoleon, when the story was told at the Tuileries. He was rebuked by *regard superieur*, and the story went on,)—the savant set about analyzing the composition of the mulberry leaf, and by boiling it to a thick paste, has produced every description of silk in immense quantities.

I have seen several yards of manufacture, and, although wanting a little of the gloss belonging to that spun by the worm, I can pronounce it far superior to the finest *foulard* hitherto made. The price of the silk is five francs a pound when spun, being one hundred and twenty francs cheaper than that of the present day. This new method of procuring silk will at once be adopted in all countries, as the mulberry can be grown in any country, and requires scarcely any culture.

FROM NICARAGUA.—The steamer Chas. Morgan brings private letters which confirm the published reports of the cowardice and defeat of Schlesinger, in his encounter with the Costa Ricans.

Everything appears to be in confusion in Nicaragua. Parker H. French, the late unrecognized minister of Nicaragua to Washington, has left San Juan and gone to Aspinwall, having had a serious quarrel with General Walker.

It is reported that Walker is at the head of 700 men, and is marching to meet the Costa Rican army, said to design invading Nicaragua.

The result of Schlesinger's engagement with the Costa Ricans is stated to be a loss of 90 men, including the missing. Col. Schlesinger has been court martialled, on the charges of treason and cowardice. The accounts received are meagre and unreliable.

Another battle had taken place at Arcopoka, between 14 Americans, under Captain Baldwin, and 200 Costa Ricans. The latter were defeated with 80 killed, while Captain Baldwin lost only two.

THE COURSE OF THE LATE TORNADO.—The course of the late tornado is thus followed by the Pittsburg Gazette:

"Commencing on Lake Michigan, its course was from the southern end of that lake to Philadelphia, east-south-east. It does not seem to have partaken of the nature of a tornado, until it arrived at about the middle of Ohio. Between Akron and Canton it swept away powerful forest trees as if they had been rotten saplings. It was about seven hours in accomplishing one-third of its journey, say from 10 o'clock until 5—the other two thirds of its course was accomplished in five hours, as it passed from New Jersey into the ocean about 10 o'clock P. M. From the time it partook of the character of a tornado, about 5 o'clock in the evening, about 125 or 150 miles in a north-westerly direction from this point, it travelled at about the rate of 70 miles an hour, and left wild confusion and terrible devastation in its track."

DOUGLAS AND LANE.—Douglas having refused to withdraw his imputations upon Col. Lane's integrity, and brought forward his "constitutional privileges," Lane is out in a long letter of which the following is a sample:—

"Is the ferocious braggart heroism of the Senate Chamber—which boasts in its place of having gazed down pistol-barrels—only that quality which 'oozes out at the finger ends,' and expires outside of the portals of the Chamber? Are treachery, falsehood, cowardice, any better because they are privileged? Is privilege to have another meaning? Will the Senator from Illinois abuse it, and make want of courage and 'privilege' convertible and equivalent terms?"

Douglas rejoins in a letter to Hon. C. K. Watson, saying that "there are no facts within my knowledge which can 'remove all imputation upon the integrity of his (Lane's) action or motives in connection with that memorial.'"

MORE TROUBLE IN KANSAS—THE MILITARY ORDERED OUT.—CHICAGO, April 26.—A despatch from Leavenworth states that on the 22d, Sheriff Jones, while attempting to arrest a man who was implicated in the late difficulties, was resisted by a body of 300 armed men. Gov. Shannon had ordered out the military.

ST. LOUIS, April 26, 1856.—A despatch from Kansas City to the Republican says, that the United States troops made several arrests yesterday, and that Sheriff Jones, while guarding the prisoners, was shot. We have no further particulars.

It is probable from the above that the Congressional Committee will now have a pretty good opportunity to see how they do things in Kansas.

QUARRELLING BY TELEGRAPH.—A short time back, an acrimonious spirit sprang up between the staffs of electric telegraph *employees* at London and Paris, which at length grew to such a pitch as to threaten to impede the transmission of despatches. When business was slack, the clerks would address each other in terms of not the most polite nature, and more than once did they express their regret that man had not been blessed with longer legs, so that they might give their opponent a good kicking. None of these men had ever seen each other. The matter was at length taken up by the French Government authorities, who dismissed the more disorderly portion of the staff.

THE DEATH WALTZ.—A French paper relates a singular and startling incident. At a ball lately given at Port Louis, near Lorient, while a young lady was waltzing she felt the hand by which she was supported become stone cold, and on looking into the face of her partner, found his features deadly pale and horribly contracted. She fainted at the sight, and fell to the ground whilst the cavalier dropped by her side. The lady was taken up and recovered, but the life of the gentleman was extinct. She maintains that he was dead several seconds before she knew it, and that she made one turn round with him after he was a corpse.

LATEST BY FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.—A message came over the wires this morning that caused considerable commotion at the central office. It was at first thought that a large fire was raging in the upper part of the city, but it was subsequently ascertained that it was a request from a citizen in Spring Garden, that a suit of clothes should be obtained for him at the cheap and fashionable clothing store of Rockhill & Wilson, No. 111 Chestnut street, corner of Franklin Place.

A VALUABLE TONIC.—The Oxygenated Bitters have received weighty endorsements, comprising the names of distinguished Merchants and Statesmen, attesting the superiority of this medicine for the cure of Dyspepsia in all its forms.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. S. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, Physician for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat by Medicated Inhalation, will visit the West next month, and will be pleased to see all those laboring under affections of the Throat and Chest.

He will be in Pittsburg about the 20th of May, and will remain a few days. ap19-3t

WHY SUFFER WITH SCROFULA when a remedy is at hand? Read the following letter:

UPTON, Wis., February 18, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the cords of my leg contracted to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. A SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, using every means in my power to obtain relief but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE MY LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me seemed preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac the certificates of persons who had been cured of similar diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith I commenced its use, eight bottles of this medicine, with some of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," have so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free me by all *soreness and pain*. Fearing that there might be some remains of the disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Liniment and Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall enjoy perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The above remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh15-6t

THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER desires to announce that, for the information and guidance of those who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, he has established a Family Medical Paper, entitled "THE SPECIALIST, AND JOURNAL OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST," in which will be found a full exposition of his views on every subject connected with Pulmonary diseases.

The February number contains—in addition to much information which should be read by every one predisposed to or suffering from either Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Consumption—an extended explanation of the method of treatment by INHALATION.

Dr. HUNTER would also announce that he has opened branch establishments for the treatment of these diseases at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

These offices are placed under the professional charge of skillful and accomplished resident Physicians, who have enjoyed, in Europe and in association with him in New York, long and great experience in the treatment of Pulmonary diseases. Patients resident in those cities will, therefore, in future enjoy all the advantages of Dr. HUNTER'S advice and treatment under the most favorable auspices.

These arrangements are rendered necessary by the empiricism practiced under the name of *Inhalation*, both by wandering quacks, who, in many instances, use Dr. HUNTER'S name for their own purposes, and by the sale of *inhaling apparatus* at the drug stores throughout the country. Such influences tend to bring discredit on Inhalation and to discourage persons from availing themselves of this, the only scientific and successful mode of treating diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

In chronic affections of the Throat and Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of his treatment, Dr. HUNTER has prepared a List of Questions which will enable them to give a more full and explicit statement of their cases. This list, together with a number of "THE SPECIALIST," will be forwarded on application to either of the following addresses:

New York—Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, No. 78 Broadway.
Philadelphia—Dr. F. MORROW, No. 302 Walnut Street.
Baltimore—Dr. J. B. WILLIAMS, No. 82½ North Charles Street.

NOTE—Dr. MORROW can always be consulted *personally*, as well as by letter, at his residence, No. 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THE SPECIALIST" is published at $1 a year in advance. A specimen copy sent free, by addressing the Publishers, SHERMAN & Co., Astor House, New York; or the Editor, Dr. ROBERT HUNTER. ap26-tf

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Dr. Hance's* Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although prepared especially for the purpose of curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. The dyspeptic patient, whose stomach has lost the power of duly converting food into a life-sustaining element, is relieved by a single course of the extraordinary Pills. The gastric fluid re-acquires its solvent power, and the crude nutriment which was a load and a burden to the sufferer, while his digestive organization was paralyzed and unstrung, becomes under the wholesome revolution created in the system, the basis of strength, activity, and health.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. *Address Seth S. Hance*, 102 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $3; twelve, $10.

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents. FERRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb28-eiwtm

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, in this city, by the Rev. J. Talbot Gracey, THOMAS A. AMOSS, to ANGELINE V. WETHERILL, both of Harford county, N. C.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JAMES H ALEXANDER, to Miss SALLIE, daughter of Wm. Stiteford, Esq. both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, *Mr.* JAMES GRAY, to Miss ISABELLA MCCAULEY.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. BARR, of Baltimore, to Miss MARY T WALLACE, of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JAMES DAVIS, to Miss MIRIAM E. VANDEGRIFT, both of Moorestown, N. J.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THEODORE C. KUHATHE, to Miss EMMA M OLDMAN, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. AMOS NIEDLETON, to EMMA CHALONER, both of this city.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Martin, of St Mary's Church, Mr. P. F. MCCUE, to Miss MARIA A. DAVY, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM POTTER, to Miss SALLIE ATCHESON, all of this city.

At Northumberland, Pa. on the 17th ultimo, by the Rev John Ross, R. H McCAY, M. D. to Miss SUSAN C. daughter of Alex. Colt, Esq all of Northumberland, Pa.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, to Miss MARY E ASHTON, both of this city.

On the 15th of Jan. last, by the Rev. John McKean, Mr. DE WITT CLINTON, to Miss LYDIA S. ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOHN CONNER, to Miss KATE HUTCHINSON, all of West Philadelphia.

On the 17th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of his Honor, Mayor Conrad, JAMES T JOHNSON, of Gwynedd, to ANNE W HALLOWELL, of Boston.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev W Blackwood, D D Mr. JOHN TREGEMAN, to Miss ANNE STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. JAMES A B CROSSDELL, to Miss MARY WITHINGTON

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, Jr. to ELLEN E. daughter of James Kelly, of this city.

On the 17th ult by the Rev J. B. Avara, Mr. THOMAS B. RHEVES, to Miss MARGARETTA J. TAYLOR, daughter of Lewis Taylor, both of this city

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev Mr. Waldron, at the Cathedral Chapel, Logan Square, Mr. AMBROSE V DU BOUCHE, to CATHERINE E GRESEN, daughter of James M. Greene, M. D., U. S. Navy

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, near Kingston, New Jersey, on the 13th ult after a severe illness which he bore with Christian fortitude, ALPHEUS F LAING, in the 45th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Quakertown, Hunterdon county, and leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

On the 22d ult. Mr. JOHN HARTLEY, Sr. aged 84.

On the 22d ult. in West Haverford, Del. county, Mrs. MARY MCMAHON.

On the 23d ult ANN ELIZA, wife of Saml. Richardett, aged 41 years.

On the 23d ult. SARAH MASON, aged 77 years.

On the 23d ult. WILLIAM M son of Charles Rea and Mary E. Wilson.

On the 23d ult. ELIZABETH HEANIN, aged 68 years.

On the 23d ult ELIZABETH MONIAN, aged 70 years.

On the 23d ult. HENRY BURROWS, aged 23 years.

On the 19th ult. MARABBOT NEILL, aged 34 years. Also, on the 23d ult JOHN NEILL, aged 28 years

On the 23d ult Mr. JOHN HUNSON, aged 65 years.

On the 23d ult. ROBERT, son of Hugh and Mary Gamble, aged 21 months.

In this city, on the 23d ultimo, FANNY M. daughter of Nicholson and the late Hannah Maraiche, of New Orleans, formerly of this city.

On the 20th ult. JAMES ROBERTS, aged 59 years and 2 months.

On the 20th ult. MARTIN U son of Martin J. and Rosanna Kuemerle, aged 24 years.

On the 20th ult. THEOPHILUS B. LEWIS, aged 31

On the 19th ultimo, DANIEL, son of Francis and Hetty King.

On the 18th ult. EMMA, daughter of Geo. W. and Catharine Bosler, aged 4 years and 9 months.

On the 21st ult. WILLIAM R. son of Edward and Elizabeth Meere, aged 3 years.

On the 21st ult. LIZZIE, daughter of Andrew S. and Elizabeth Tomkinson, aged 20 months.

On the 21st ult. JOSEPH, son of Joseph Buck, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 19th ult. Miss WILHELMINA E. FURBINE, aged 17 years.

On the 19th ult. PHILIP SAUER, aged 41 years.

On the 15th ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of James and Mary Kearney, aged 15 years.

On the 19th ult. EMMA V. SHAW, aged 4 years and 9 months.

On the 20th ult. JOHN CREDDON

On the 19th ult. ELIZABETH WHITTENDALL, aged 68

On the 19th ult. EMMA ELIZABETH, daughter of Abraham H and Sarah A. Reigel, aged 11 years and 3 mos

On the 19th ult. MARGARET, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Lower.

At Chestnut Hill, on the 16th ult. SAMUEL HILDEBEER, aged 70 years.

On the 19th ult. ANNA H R daughter of Henry and Sarah A Knauff, aged 5 years

On the 16th ult. Mrs. MARY STOCKTON, aged 61 years.

DAVID B. BIRNEY, Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, except New Jersey, No. 68 Market Street, Philadelphia. Particular attention paid to taking testimony to be used in other States. Affidavits, Acknowledgments, Claims, &c., carefully attended to. Notices can be given to take Depositions at his Office and in his absence the matter will be attended to. nov16-1y

PAPER HANGINGS.

HOWELL & BROTHERS,
NO. 138 CHESTNUT STREET,
(Below Seventh,)
PHILADELPHIA,

Ask the attention of HOUSEKEEPERS, BUILDERS and the Trade, to their extensive and varied stock of GOODS, embracing every variety of

PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, DECORATIONS, &c.

Of their own manufacture, and from the best French establishments. Their manufactory being the most extensive in the United States, enables them to offer great inducements to Dealers. nov21-3m

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
FEDERIEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
P. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co., 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly inclosed, by mail.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 19 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.		VIRGINIA.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Trans Alleghany	5 dis
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Corp's Alexandria	14 dis
Morris bk Morristown	10 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	10 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Under 5's	¼ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
MARYLAND.		Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Atlanta	5 dis
Far & Mec bk, Kent Co	25 dis	ALABAMA.	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Mobile	2 dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	South'n bk of Ala	2 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Other solvent bks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Knickerbocker bk	10 dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
Wayne bk	25 dis	OHIO.	
Far bk, Onondaga	25 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Mec & Man bk, Oswego	20 dis	Bk of Circleville	55 dis
Ex'ge bk, Buffalo	20 dis	Canal Bk Cleveland	¼ dis
Empire City bk	10 dis	City Bk Columbus	¼ dis
Central bk	14 dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solvent bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
Bk of Hallowell	1 dis	State Bk	¼ dis
Calais bk	10 dis	Free bks	¼ to 90 dis
Ellsworth bk	5 dis	ILLINOIS.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solvent bks	1 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Quincy City bk	10 dis
VERMONT.		Railroad Bk, Decatur	¼ dis
Solvent bks	1 dis	MISSOURI.	
South Royalton bk	2 dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		Small notes	2½ dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
Grocer's bk Boston	3 dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		ARKANSAS.	
Solvent bks	½ dis	All bks	no sale
Rhode Island Central	5 dis	WISCONSIN.	
CANADA.		Solvent bks	2 dis
Solvent bks	2 dis	TEXAS.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Com & Agricultural bk, Galveston	28 dis
Solvent bks	1½ dis		
Small notes	2 dis		

DOESTICK'S REDIVIVUS.

PLU-RI-BUS-TAH.

A SONG THAT'S BY NO AUTHOR.

Wilfully perpetrated by
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.,
12mo., cloth, illustrated with 154 humorous engravings. $1.

From the Cincinnati Times.

"If Hiawatha will enlist the heart with its tender strains, 'Plu-ri-bus tah,' will shake the sides with merriment, and while one may produce tears of sympathy, the other must cause an immoderate shedding of tears of joy. We have enjoyed the pleasure of perusing the proof-sheets of Doesticks's new work and we must pronounce it Doesticks's best. It is full of happy hits at the political and social follies of the day, and we are confident will overshadow even Hiawatha in its popularity."

Will be published May 1. Orders filled in order of receipt. Copies sent by mail (post-paid) on receipt of price. LIVERMORE & RUDD, Publishers, No. 310 Broadway, New York.

PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORIES AND PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPERS.—A liberal price will be paid for Philadelphia Directories and Philadelphia Newspapers published *before* the year 1800. Persons having any of the above publications to dispose of will designate the year and price. Address A. D. E., Philadelphia Post Office.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS.—AGENTS WANTED in an entirely new business that pays from $5 to $10 per day. Address, with stamp, J. R. MIDDLETON & Co., Box 259 P. O., Philadelphia. it

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

THE LADIES' WREATH.—A New Volume of this popular Magazine commences with the MAY NUMBER.

THE LADIES, THE PRESS, and THE PUBLIC have given their verdict, that this is

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST DOLLAR MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

The literary contents will be ENTIRELY ORIGINAL—from the pens of the purest and best writers. Each number will be EMBELLISHED with two or more FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS. One of which will be a life-like representation of

FLOWERS, FRUIT OR BIRDS, BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.

TERM IN ADVANCE.—One copy, one year $1,00—6 copies, $5,00—7 copies, $6,00—13 copies, $7,00—15 copies, $10,00. SPECIMENS GRATIS ON APPLICATION.

AGENTS WANTED.—Terms liberal to those furnishing good recommendations. Address

BURDICK & SCOVILL,
8 Spruce Street, New York.

FREE OF CHARGE!!!

TWO SPLENDID PARLOR ENGRAVINGS.

ENTITLED "BOLTEN ABBEY IN THE OLDEN TIMES," a splendid Steel Engraving from the celebrated painting by Landseer, and the "DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES FROM EGYPT," a large and beautiful Engraving from a painting by D. Roberts.

The retail price of the above engravings is $1 per copy, but will be sent free of charge as follows:

The subscribers have established a Book Agency in Philadelphia, and will furnish any book or publication at the retail price, free of postage. Any persons by forwarding the subscription price of any of the $1 Magazines, such as Harper's, Godey's, Putnam's, Graham's, Frank Leslie's Fashions, &c., will receive the Magazines for one year, and a copy of either the above beautiful Engravings, free of charge, or if subscribing to a $2 and a $1 Magazine, such as Peterson's and Chollen's Ladies' Christian Annual, both Magazines and a copy of either of the above Engravings will be sent.

Every description of Engraving on Wood executed with neatness and despatch. Views of Building, Newspaper Headings, Views of Machinery, Book Illustrations, Lodge Certificates, Business Cards, &c. All orders sent by mail promptly attended to. Persons wishing views of their buildings engraved, can send a Daguerreotype or sketch of the building by mail or express.

Persons at a distance having saleable articles would find it to their advantage to address the subscribers, as we would act as agents for the sale of the same.

BYRAM & PIERCE,
59 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. H BYRAM. T. MAY PIERCE.

N. B.—Any newspaper inserting this advertisement four times, and sending us a copy of the paper, will receive a copy of either of the above engravings. my3-1f

CHINESE POTATO—SUPERIOR TREES.—WM R. PRINCE & CO., Flushing, N. Y. will supply dry tubers of the genuine Chinese Potato, in cans at $5 and $10 each, till May 1st, and will also supply plants grown in pots, from this till May 20th, at $6 for 6, or $12 per dozen, which can be packed safely to go by express. The most triumphant success as to the hardihood of this root has been demonstrated by the firm and beautiful roots exhibited at the American Institute, on the 8th inst., they having withstood this severe winter perfectly. Every attack on this root has been caused by the *ignorance, malice or stupidity* of the writers, as the Report to the American Institute fully proves.

Catalogues of their superior Fruit and other Trees of extra large size and in a bearing state, will be sent to all applicants.

April 19 tf

OIL CLOTHS!

WAREHOUSE, 79 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. THOMAS POTTER, manufacturer. In store, and for sale at low rates to dealers:—

Floor Oil Cloths, in sheets, 12 and 18 feet.
Floor Oil Cloth, in sets, of 4, 5, 6, and 8-4 wide, to match.
Elastic Carriage Oil Cloth, enamelled and plain.
Table and Stair Oil Cloth.
Unequalled in finish, texture and style, warranted to stand any climate. my3-6t

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES AND JEWELRY in the United States, Wholesale or Retail, 20 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

Gold Hunting Levers, 18 kt. case, full jeweled	$40,00
Gold, open face " 18 kt. case, " "	26,00
Gold Lepines	25,00
Silver Hunting Levers Hunting Case, full jeweled	18,00
Silver Levers, open face " " " "	14,00
Silver Lepines	9,00
Gold Guard, Vest or Fob Chains	12,00
Gold Pens, Silver Holders	1,00
Gold Pencils	$1,50 to 3,00

I can send by mail, with perfect safety, a Watch or Jewelry to any part of the United States or world. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. On the receipt of the cash, the goods will be immediately sent by mail or express as desired. Please call or address, (post-paid,)

LEWIS LADOMUS,
mh22-3m 201 Chestnut St., above 8th, Philadelphia

OLD GOLD PENS RE-POINTED—Price 50 Cents. Enclose the Pen in a letter, with Cash or Postage Stamps. The return mail will bring the Pen, as good as new. Address D. ELLIOTT, Syracuse, New York. mh22-3m

SPECTACLES.—Gold Spectacles for Ladies, $5,00, $6,00, $8,00, and $9,00 per pair; Gold Spectacles for Gentlemen, $5,00 to $12,00 per pair; Light Steel Spectacles 75c. to $1,25 per pair; Lightning Rod Points, tipped with pure Platina, $1,00 to $1,00 each; Glass Insulators for Lightning Rods; Thermometers, 50c., 75c., and $1,00 each; Barometers, $9,00 to $20,00; Surveyor's Compasses, $22,00 to $30,00; Engineer's Levels and Transits; Cases of Mathematical Drawing Instruments, Chains, Tape Measures, Levelling Rods, &c.; Air Pumps; Electrical Machines; Galvanic Apparatus, &c., &c.; Schools and Seminaries supplied.

JAMES W QUEEN,
261 Chestnut St., Philada.
Illustrated Catalogues by Mail gratis. ap 12-6t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, Seventy-five cents a line for the first insertion, Sixty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE ROMAN EXILE.

THE FOURTH THOUSAND.

Of this most intensely interesting and exciting picture of the Past and Present of Italy,

BY DR. GUGLIELMO GAJANI,

THIS DAY PUBLISHED BY US.

PRICE $1.

John P. Jewett & Company,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

For sale by the trade generally.

DEPBY'S CATHOLIC

Is stirring the waters to a foam. Read it, if you would possess yourself of the ablest work on the Catholic question yet published.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

John P. Jewett & Company,
PUBLISHERS,
117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF CIRCASSIA.

You can know all about them, by reading Mr. MACKIE'S charming volume, entitled

SCHAMYL;
OR,
THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

John P. Jewett & Company,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

A SECOND ROBINSON CRUSOE.

PETER GOTT,
THE CAPE ANN FISHERMAN

1 vol., 12mo. Price 75 cents.

A STORY SCARCELY SECOND IN INTEREST to Robinson Crusoe, written by Dr. J. Reynolds, depicting the life of a fisherman at sea and on shore, the manner of taking the various kinds of fish which swim between the Grand Banks and Florida, and detailing the innumerable dangers and hardships to which those hardy sons of toil are subjected, how they share their fares, and the mode of life of their families while husbands, sons and brothers are absent fishing.

This is opening a new vein most emphatically. We are not aware that it has ever been written upon before. The book has all the fascination of a romance, while dealing with the stern realities of life. No person can read it without being interested and instructed.

JUST PUBLISHED BY
JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
☞ For sale by all Booksellers my3-3t

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!

The 2nd Volume of

BENTON'S 30 YEARS' VIEW

OF

THE UNITED STATES SENATE,

(SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY SUBSCRIPTION,)

Will be Ready on or about the 1st of May.

OF THE 1ST VOLUME, 50,000 COPIES WERE SOLD, and it is presumed that a much larger number of the second will be disposed of. The new volume, which completes the work, will contain 732 pages, and embellished with a steel plate illustration of the United States Senate Chamber. The retail price of the work is $2,50 per volume, from which a liberal deduction will be made to Agents. Some very good Counties in the following States are still undisposed of, viz:—Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

Our General Agents for the Western States are W. A. Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, to whom all applications for western districts must be made.

☞ Applications for any of the above-mentioned States, should be made to

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
346 & 348 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR THE PEOPLE.

HOW OFTEN WE HEAR THE EXPRESSION "—"How I wish I had learned a trade when young." An opportunity is offered to all who desire to learn a valuable trade, far better than the majority, for a comparatively trifling expense, equally applicable to all parts of the country, by which a fortune can be realized; can be readily connected with other business, where a person desires something to fill time profitably, now idly spent; for the merchant, mechanic, farmer, &c. The article produced is indispensable in every family. For particulars, address GEO. A. ANDREWS & CO., my3-1f New York City.

CORNELIUS & BAKER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, GAS FIXTURES, &C.

STORE—No. 176 Chestnut Street.
MANUFACTORY—No. 181 Cherry Street.
PHILADELPHIA.

ROBERT CORNELIUS, WILLIAM C. BAKER,
ISAAC P. BAKER. ROBERT C. CORNELIUS.
my3-14t

THE NEW HYDRAULIC HEATER

ADAPTED to Warming and Ventilating all kinds of public and private buildings. Being the cheapest, most substantial, simple and efficient

HOT WATER APPARATUS

ever offered to the public.

It is entirely safe. Cannot be mismanaged, and is especially economical in the consumption of fuel.

A. W. RAND,
mar8-1f No. 99 North 6th St., Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL SAFETY SAVING FUND—WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, now has more than ONE MILLION of dollars safely invested for the benefit of Depositors. Interest *Five Per Cent.* The office is open every day, and the money is always paid back in GOLD. feb9-20t

JUST RECEIVED—A LARGE STOCK of Gold and Silver English Lever and Swiss Watches, Silver and Plated-Ware, Jewelry, &c., at greatly reduced prices, No. 216 Market Street, South side above Sixth. WM. BAYLY & SON. ap10-3m

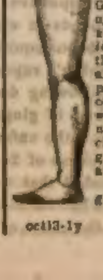
WANTED.—500 YOUNG MEN to act as agents in a business light, pleasant and honorable, at a salary of $100 per month. For further particulars in regard to the business, enclose Postage Stamp. Address H. B. CARTER, *Haverhill, Mass.* mh29-3m

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY is offered by which any enterprising, industrious young man can realize a profit of from $3,00 to $5,00 per day by the sale of our valuable and popular publications, which are all instructive and interesting, and containing nothing of an immoral or pernicious tendency, are expressly adapted to the wants of the family circle. Agents have the choice of one or more counties in which they have the exclusive sale. For full particulars, address

LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
ap19-6t No. 126 North Second St., Philadelphia.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



This American invention stands unrivalled both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 2,000 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with 30 other substitutes of the best French, English, and German manufacture, it received the award of the GREAT MEDAL at the WORLD'S EXHIBITION IN LONDON, as the *best artificial limb known.* In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *HIGHEST OR FIRST premium.* And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor, at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

B. FRANK PALMER,
oct13-1y 276 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HAYDOCK & FIDLER'S
WATCH AND JEWELRY EMPORIUM,
No. 12 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Ware, Silver-Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, &c., &c.
The above will be sold at the very lowest rates.
☞ Repairing of Watches and Jewelry attended to with promptness and the greatest care. jel6-ewwt

WEBSTER'S
ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY,
CONTAINING
ALL THE WORDS
IN THE QUARTO EDITION,
AND
UNABRIDGED,

Except in the more extended definitions. With an arrangement of SYNONYMS under the leading words, a new and important feature.

REVISED AND ENLARGED,

BY

CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D.,
PROFESSOR IN YALE COLLEGE.

The demand for an edition of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, full, comprehensive, and of convenient size for daily reference, has led to the preparation of the ROYAL OCTAVO. The great favor with which it has been received, both in this country and England, is the best evidence of the value of the work.

The price, $3,50, brings it within the reach of all who desire a complete Dictionary.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

"It is the most complete work of the kind yet published. The definitions are clear and concise, presenting briefly the various meanings and shades of meaning belonging to each word. * * * * The pronunciation is satisfactorily indicated, and in most cases the SYNONYMS of the words defined, are added, a great advantage to persons engaged in literary compositions."—*Lord's Times.*

"To all who wish for the most complete, cheap and portable Dictionary at this moment existing, of our noble language, including an immense mass of philologic matter—copious Vocabularies of Scriptural, Mythologic, and Geographic names—we can cordially recommend the volume before us."—*London Atlas.*

"A marvel of accuracy, neatness and cheapness. * * It is a contribution of substantial service, not only to our times, but for posterity."—*Wesleyan Bonner.*

"This edition of Webster is all that can be desired:—Etymologically, it is superior to any that has

Wit and Humor.

Lord Ellenborough's Wig.—Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady E. said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped; and the footmen, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox accordingly was left by a ditch-side. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court-house. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig." "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage-window."—*Rogers' Table Talk.*

Old Epigram.—The following version of an old French epigram, by Imbert, a wit of the last century, is recalled to recollection by the birth of the Imperial Prince:—

"When the news ran through Paris, 'Her Majesty's well?'
And all were delighted the tidings to tell,
To the proud Palace-guard trippid a dame full of joy,
And curtsied, and cried, 'Oh! sir, is it a boy?'
'No!' 'A girl?' 'No!' growled, with a frown made her wince;
'Neither boy, sir, nor girl: then, what is it?' 'A Prince!'"

We may mention, in connection with the above, that it is reported that Louis Napoleon has forbidden the nurse to kiss the baby.

Generous.—A writer in the Burlington Sentinel says that in one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the district school teacher to "board round," the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by high authority:

A year or two ago, an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the school-mistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and a-half.

The teacher sat down to dinner, on the third day and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows:

"Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you have eaten half a dinner, but as I don't want to be mean, you may eat, if you choose, *about* as much as usual."

Anecdote of Judge Bates.—The Judge recently called at the village store, designing to make the purchase of a mackerel. Several friends were in who knew that the Judge had become a good temperance man, and were willing to run him a little. The storekeeper joined in the sport, and begged the Judge to take a little something.

"What will you have, Judge? Take anything you like."

The Judge looked around, as if in doubt what to choose, and replied:

"*I believe I will take a mackerel!*"

Helping himself, he gravely walked out of the store, and was not invited to take anything there again.

Real Discontent.—The following anecdote is related of Robert de Insula, or Halleland, a man of low birth, and one of the bishops of Durham: Having given his mother an establishment suitable to his own rank, and asking her once, when he went to see her, how she fared, she answered, "Never worse!" "What troubles thee?" said the bishop; "hast thou not men and women enough to attend thee?" "Yes," quoth the old woman, "and more than enough! I say to one—go, and he runs; to another—come hither, fellow! and the varlet falls down on his knees; and in short, all things go on so abominably smooth, that my heart is bursting for something to spite me, and pick a quarrel withal!"

One Way to Empty a Cart.—An honest son of Erin lately arrived at Baltimore, was employed to drive a dirt cart. Not being an adept in the art and mystery of hauling dirt, he was woefully perplexed when he wished to empty the cart, and after as much manœuvring to get it into proper position as would have sufficed to move a seventy-four, he marched up to the horse's head, seized the bridle with a powerful grasp, and sang out, with a hearty good will, "*rare up! rare up!*" calculating, we suppose, that the horse would elevate himself far enough to empty the cart!

The Origin and History of Pews.—The annexed interesting history of pews was compiled by the editor of the Eclectic Museum: In Anglo-Saxon and some Northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall running round the whole interior except the eastern end. In 1019, they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools, promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1087, a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common that none could call any seat in church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first seized. As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated—the entrance being guarded by crossbars, and the initial engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation, the pew system prevailed; as we learn from a complaint the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, in reference to a decree that a Bible should be in every church, at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "quire," or some "pue." In 1608, galleries were introduced. As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being belzed or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—(a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) With the reign of Charles the First the reasons for heightening the sides disappeared, and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.

Breaking Down Mountains by Water.—Mr. Ewbank, in his work on Brazil, relates that mountains in some of the mining districts of Brazil, are often broken down by the simple, yet philosophical plan of digging wells into them, and in the rainy season filling them with water by means of gutters. By this device the hydrostatic pressure of the liquid columns forces off masses from the face of the mountains, which would require hundreds of men for months to accomplish with the mattock and shovel.

ONE OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVES.

It is little more than thirty years ago, when on the river Tyne a large fleet of peculiarly-formed vessels was seen daily employed in the carriage of coals to the ships from the "staithe," which projected into the river from the various colliery tramways. At that period there was only one very small and ill-constructed steam packet for the conveyance of passengers between Newcastle and Shields, and against which so much prejudice existed, that the majority of persons preferred the covered wherries, which for some centuries before, had been in use; yet, so slow and uncertain was this means of transit between the two towns, that persons in a hurry often found it advisable to walk the intervening distance, which is about eight miles.

The collieries situated away from the river, had tramways of wood, let into the ordinary roads in such a manner as to form wheel-tracks for carriages. These, drawn by horses, were the only means thought of for bringing the coals to the river bank. Some of these tramways were nearly as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth or James I., when the increase of London and other causes began to overcome the prejudice against the use of "sea-coal." Many of the tramways passed amid green and shadowy woods and other pleasant places, and we have often thought when wandering through them, of the difficulties that beset travellers at that time. Even at a more recent date, in 1673, day coaches were considered dangerous, and it was suggested that the multitude of them in London should be limited, and not more than one be allowed to each shire to go once a week backwards and forwards, and to perform the whole journey with the same horse they set out with, and not to travel more than thirty miles a day in summer and twenty-five in winter. The arguments advanced in favor of these proposals were, that coaches and caravans were mischievous to the public, destructive to trade, and prejudicial to the land—because, firstly, they destroyed the breed of good horses, and made men careless of horsemanship; secondly, they hindered the breed of watermen, who were the nursery of seamen; thirdly, they lessened the revenue.

In 1708, the road from Petworth to London (less than 50 miles) was so bad that the Duke of Somerset was obliged to rest a night on the road.

In March, 1789 or 1740, Mr. Pennant, the historian, travelled by the *stage*, then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen, and in the first day, with "much labor," got from Chester to Whitechurch—20 miles; and, after a "wondrous effort," reached London before the commencement of the sixth night.

Without entering into an account of the rapid improvement of the English roads soon after the time of Pennant—we may mention that at about the date 1765, the colliery tramways underwent considerable improvement, by plating the wooden rails in many parts with iron; stoneways were tried in some instances, but were not found successful; and in course of time the old tramways were covered with cast-iron rails laid on the old foundations. Inclined planes, with fixed steam engines, also came into use; and at the same time the idea of a locomotive engine was attracting attention in various directions. In 1805 a machine was used on a tramway near Merthyr Tydvil, and soon after this the "Iron Horse," shown in the engraving, was placed upon the wagon way of the Wylam Colliery, from Wylam to Newburn, on the Tyne, near Newcastle, and greatly astonished all who saw it drawing along, at the rate of 3½ miles an hour, from 15 to 20 wagons of coals, making all the while a horrible and snorting noise, difficult to describe, and sending forth at the same time fire and dense clouds of black smoke. We have often, when a boy, ridden behind this grim looking machine, and watched with curious feelings the movement of its wing-like machinery. George Stephenson was then beginning to make way, and had provided several improved locomotives for Heaton Colliery. In 1816, 1817, patents for improvements in locomotives were taken out by George Stephenson, in connection with Messrs. Dodd and Losh; and in 1825 the projection of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway afforded a further opportunity for their development. The opposition to the use of steam engines on this line of railway seems singular enough at the present day; still it was very great. The use of horses was, however, found *to be too expensive*, and George Stephenson having stated that he could work a locomotive with safety at a rate of from six to eight miles an hour ("I knew," said he, "that if I told them more than that, they would look upon me as more fit for a lunatic house than to give evidence in the House of Commons"), a reward of £500 was offered for the best locomotive engine. A trial took place in October, 1829—*only twenty seven years ago!*—of the steam locomotive engines which were offered in competition. Of these, one was withdrawn at the commencement of the experiment. The "Novelty," by Braithwait and Ericsson, met with an accident; and the "Sanspareil," by Hackworth, attained a velocity of 15 miles an hour, with a gross load of 19 tons, but at length gave way, owing to an accident; the remaining engine, constructed by Robert Stephenson and Mr. Booth, succeeded in performing more than was stipulated.

The contrast between the date mentioned in the commencement of our article and the present time, is remarkable; the old and clumsy fleet has vanished from the Tyne; a railway carries passengers from Newcastle to Shields in a few minutes; numerous steam vessels sail upon the river, some of large size, which travel to various and distant ports. On the colliery railway hundreds of locomotives are at work, and miles of iron rails spread over a wide extent of the civilized world; and, in addition to other wonders, the electric telegraph will, ere long, outrival the power of Puck, the fairy, and "put a girdle round the world in (less than) forty minutes."—*London Paper.*

☞ The California Farmer expresses the opinion that hereafter coffee will be grown in that State, for their own consumption and also for exportation.

NOVELTY.

In a town where Folly reigns
Fair Novelty a visit pays;
Each one can out to see her famed
"How pretty she is!" each one said.

"Oh, Madame Novelty!" they cried,
"Pray to our country stay awhile,
For more than beauty or than wit
We prize your sweet enchanting smile."

The goddess to the fools replied,
"Good folks, I'll willingly remain,
And e'en to-morrow at this hour
Propose to meet you here again."

The next day Novelty appeared
As fair as ever to behold;
But the first one that met her cried,
"By Jove! she's grown quite old!"

SOPHIA.

What is a Billion?—Or, rather, what conception can we form of such a quantity? We may say that a billion is a million of millions, and can easily represent it thus: 1,000,000,000,000. But a schoolboy's calculation will show how entirely the mind is incapable of conceiving such numbers. If a person were able to count at the rate of 200 in a minute, and to work without intermission twelve hours in the day, he would take to count a billion 6,944,444 days, or 19,825 years 319 days. There are living creatures so minute that a hundred millions of them might be comprehended in the space of a cubic inch. They are supplied with organs and tissues, nourished by circulating fluids, which must consist of parts or atoms, in reckoning the size of which we must speak, not of billions, but perchance of billions of billions. And what is a billion of billions? The number is a quadrillion, and can be easily represented thus—1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; and the same schoolboy's calculation may be employed to show that to count a quadrillion, at the rate of 200 in a minute, would require all the inhabitants of the globe, supposing them to be a thousand millions, to count incessantly for 19,025,875 years, or more than 3,000 times the period during which the human race has been supposed to be in existence.

Origin of "the Bustle."—Ladies bustles are of Persian origin. Nott, in his Notes on the Odes of Hafiz, defines this "refulgent" as a kind of bolster, which the Persian ladies fix to the undergarment, to produce a certain roundness, thought by them to be highly becoming.

☞ It takes four things to make a real gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your manners, and a gentleman in your person.

Agricultural.

A CHEAP WAY OF DISSOLVING BONES.

The fertilizing properties of bones have long been placed beyond a question. The great difficulty has been to make their fertilizing properties easily and cheaply available, by all persons engaged in agriculture, however limited their knowledge. In their natural state, bones cannot be rendered available for purposes of fertility, and it is in consequence of this fact that so many bones are turned to no practical account. The same objection does not hold against pulverized bones; but bone mills are not common, and if they were, I question whether one person in ten would avail themselves of their advantages. That bones can be dissolved by diluted sulphuric acid, is a well known fact; but, in consequence of the expense, trouble, &c., not one farmer in a hundred has ever thus effected their solution. Manufacturers have converted bones into superphosphate of lime, and, when honestly made, it is a valuable fertilizer; but its price, especially when carried far from the place of manufacture, will prevent its general use. The object of this article was to call attention to a cheap and sure way of rendering bones available for agricultural purposes, that every farmer might be induced to save those accruing upon his own farm, and turn them to valuable account.

A few years ago it was asserted that ashes would dissolve bones; but, on further trial, they were found to do so only imperfectly, and then only when crushed. Their value, when applied to clover, wheat, and turnips, to pear trees, grape vines, and old pasture lands, is such as to render it desirable that they should all be turned to economical account.

When getting out manure, a year ago last spring, from my horse barn, I discovered several white, pultaceous masses, which, on examination, proved to be bones in a perfectly pulpy state. Their change could only be accounted for on the supposition that the horse manure had, by some unknown means, effected their disintegration. The thought occurred to me that this accidental discovery could be turned to good account. Accordingly, during the ensuing year, all bones from the kitchen were thrown into the manure heap constantly accumulating from the horse stable. Last fall that manure was removed to my orchard, and the bones were found in a soft and pulpous condition. The bones used were all fresh, and hence I know nothing experimentally of the effects of horse manure upon old bones.

It is but just to observe that, since these experiments were made, I have seen a short article, detailing similar experiments, in some paper, copied from an exchange without name or credit. Hence, facts like the above, may not be new to some of our readers, yet I trust the importance of the subject will justify a repetition.—*O. C. Gibbs, M. D., Freusburgh, Chautauque Co., N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

To Prevent Trees from Splitting.—For preventing forked trees from splitting under weight of fruit, Isaac Lewis, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, has given us his plan. "My plan," he writes, "which I have followed for thirty years, is this: When I find a forked tree that is likely to split, I look for a small limb on each fork, and clean them of leaves and lateral branches for most of their length. I then carefully bring them together, and wind them round each other. In twelve months they will have united, and in two years the ends can be cut off. The brace will grow as fast at any other part of the tree, and is a perfect security from splitting. I have them now of all sizes, and I scarcely ever knew one to fail to grow."

Medicine for Ewes.—A correspondent of the Agricultural Gazette, recommends in all cases where much "handling" has been required during parturition, where "draining" supervenes, or in cases of abortion, the following dose: 2 ounces of Epsom salts, 2 drachms of ginger, and 2 drachms of laudanum. Unless the unfavorable symptoms disappear in the course of 24 hours, repeat the dose. He is satisfied that "during the two last lambing seasons, it has been—in connection with careful nursing—the means of saving many ewes."

SHADE TREES IN PASTURES.

Mr. B. does not believe my theory in butter making, because he suspects I am the man who advised the farmers last year "to cut down their beautiful shade trees, to prevent cattle from cooling and screening themselves from the hot summer sun, that they may the more readily fatten."

Let me say there need be no suspicion on this subject. I am the very man; and if Mr. B. is a farmer, and understands his business, and will read and reflect, I will tell him a short story about shade trees that will do him good, when he gets to be an old man.

In fattening cattle in pastures, I became thoroughly convinced that shades were injurious, by fattening in fields where there were and where there were not shades, the pasture being equal. Convinced as I was in my own mind, by many fair tests, and the judgment of experienced graziers and butchers, I could not think of cutting down the trees which had cost me so much and looked so beautifully without a farther test.

I then procured a pair of scales on which I weighed steers and oxen selected with great care, and tried the experiment, and I found those where there was no shade increased from five to ten pounds per month more than those where there were shades, making a difference in the value in favor of those exposed to the sun of three or four dollars per head in six months. This difference, for beauty or comfort, was quite too large for my purpose; and when I knew the fact, the reason was quite plain. The cattle lay under the shade during the day, and ate the grass at night when the dew was on, which swelled it so that they could not eat as much; and grass is not so strong that cattle can eat so much as to cloy them if they should eat at the time when they could take the greatest quantity—(not so with grain)—and the lazy rascals will lie under the shade when they are hungry, if you give them a chance.

And now, Mr. B., if you have had no experience in fattening cattle, if you have ever raised corn, let me ask you if you know of an acre of ground where you can raise fifty bushels of shelled corn to the acre, with ten large beautiful shade trees scattered all over it. Cut down the trees and bring the land to, and I can raise seventy-five bushels, which, at one dollar per bushel, would be twenty-five dollars per acre in lieu of the shade trees. If two and a-half bushels should be regarded as too large a calculation for a tree, it should be borne in mind that the roots of trees on some soils extend three rods each way, and drink up the moisture and virtue of the soil which common farmers need for the growth of plants. And yet I do not advise Mr. B. to cut down his trees, if he has money enough to support his farm, or does not consider it an object to get seventy-five bushels of corn instead of fifty to the acre. If he can afford to have his farm covered with forest shades, I cannot. I would advise those who till the soil for profit, to cut down the shade trees in their fields, and to set them about their dwellings, where they will not injure their gardens, and take the best of care of them. A. B. Dickinson, *Hornby, N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

Parsnips.—The Chicago Prairie Farmer is of the opinion that for fattening hogs and cattle, and for feeding milch cows, no root is superior to the parsnip, and that it is far too much neglected:

Low says all animals are fond of the parsnip. To milch cows it is eminently favorable, giving a flavor and richness to their milk which no other winter vegetable but the carrot can give. The cows of Jersey and Guernsey, fed with parsnips and hay, yield butter during the winter of as fine a tinge and nearly as good flavor as if they were fed in pastures. To horses it is as well suited as the carrot. Hogs are extremely fond of it, and when boiled, poultry may be fed upon it. Another great advantage which this root possesses is that it will stand frost better than any other cultivated root; and that portion of the crop not needed for winter use may be left in the ground till spring.

The parsnip is said to contain more nutriment, and to be superior in hardiness, freedom from disease and insects, and adaptability to all kinds of soil, to the carrot.

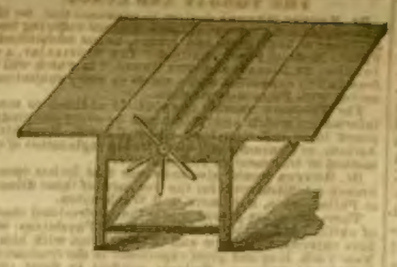
Rotation.—The Southern Cultivator (Augusta, Ga.) contains a communication showing the advantage, in increased productiveness and additional value of lands, of rotation of crops, instead of planting cotton and corn upon the same grounds till they are impoverished, as is too often the practice at the South. The correspondent says:

I raise my own meat, wool, mules, flour, and, in short, everything for the use of my farm, and generally sell enough to pay expenses of the same, without taking any of the proceeds of cotton crop. My land is all rolling, well circled, and with hill-side ditches when necessary. After a crop of small grain, I rest two or more years, plough under with two-horse ploughs, and follow with subsoil, and flatter myself that my little farm is improving yearly. To do this it is necessary to have double as much cleared land as you cultivate in cotton and corn. Any system of farming by which land is worn out, or suffered to wash away by the rains, is ruinous, no matter what may be the *immediate yield* of crops.

Salt on Wheat.—Theodore Perry, of Lacon, Ill., in the Prairie Farmer, says:

Having tried the experiment of sowing salt on wheat, I deem it my duty to give the result to your readers, and I hope that it may be tested by others and their experience given through your columns. A field of ten acres was divided into equal parts and sown with spring wheat. After the wheat was well harrowed in, one bushel and a half of salt per acre was sown broadcast on one-half of each parcel of ground. Soon after the wheat was up, its color distinctly indicated where the salt was sown, and the result was, that the wheat was ripe for the sickle five days earlier than the other portions of the field. Not a particle of scab or rust could be found, while that by its side was affected with both. The wheat in the several pieces was all stacked together so that we could not ascertain the increase of the yield; I judged, however, it was from four to five bushels per acre. The soil was sandy loam, and the field was so divided that in my opinion the test was satisfactory.

To Prevent Cabbages from Growing to "Long Shanks."—To secure true, solid heads on those stalks that manifest a disposition to grow to what are commonly known as "long shanks," take a penknife and stab it through the stalk about the middle; insert a small piece of wood to keep the incision open, which will check the growth. By doing this good head of cabbages may be secured on every stalk.—*Genesee Farmer.*



NOWLAN'S PATENT DOMESTIC MANGLES.

The high price at which the mangles now manufactured are sold, has prevented them from being brought into general use, and the benefits and advantages attending them have consequently been but little known. In hotels and large boarding houses, they are considered an indispensable addenda to the laundry; but in private houses, they are for the above reason, but seldom seen.

Mr. Samuel Nowlan has succeeded in producing a domestic mangle for the use of ordinary-sized families, that operates far superior to the old-fashioned one, and by arranging it in combination with some other article of kitchen use, reduces the cost, economizes the room, and enables them to avoid the hardest part of the work of the dreaded "washing-day." Our engraving represents a mangle combined with a kitchen-table. When used in the latter form, the leaves are turned on to the top, and the arms that work the mangling cylinder removed. It can also be combined with a kitchen cupboard; or in combination with a clothes-press. By these arrangements the cost of the articles to which the mangle is attached is but little increased, and no extra room is taken up by the addition to them of this labor-saver. By improvements made in the combination and operation of the mangle (which we are unable to show without other illustrations), the inventor claims to add to its efficiency and reduces its cost, independent of the advantages attained by the combinations of it as named above.

The advantages to which the patentee invites the particular attention of hotel proprietors, heads of families, and all others who may require this *cheap, convenient,* and *economical* machine for finishing their clothes in a neat, clean, and expeditious manner, are:—First, this domestic mangle has the patented right of a *serpentine treble-acting spring,* working in a tight and movable box, by which means the spring gives two tons' pressure, but can never cut the clothes in the seams, nor break the buttons. Second, by dispensing with the use of irons on large pieces of house linen, as well as small (being liable to be burned by carelessness, or soiled with ashes—two great inconveniences), these mangles impart a curability to the clothes over the common method, for the reasons above explained. The economy in coal or wood as fuel, by using the Patent Domestic Mangle, will be materially felt. Economy of space is also an item of consideration to the housekeeper. This mangle is a useful piece of furniture, being capable of doing duty as a nest of drawers, a table, a cupboard, and a clothes-press. Further information may be obtained by addressing the inventor, at 31 City Hall Place, New York.

Useful Receipts.

Cleaning Floor Boards.—A correspondent of the *Builder* says: "Scrubbing them with a mixture made by dissolving unslacked lime in boiling water will have the desired effect. The proportions are, two tablespoonfuls to a quart of water. No soap need be used."

Tracing Paper.—In order to prepare a beautiful transparent, colorless tracing paper, it is best to employ the varnish formed with Demarara resin in the following way: The sheets intended for this purpose are laid flat on each other, and the varnish spread over the uppermost sheet by means of a brush, until the paper appears perfectly colorless, without, however, the liquid therein being visible. The first sheet is then removed, hung up for drying, and the second treated in the same manner. After being dried, this paper is capable of being written on, either with chalk or pencil, or steel pens. It preserves its colorless transparency without becoming yellow, as is frequently the case with that prepared in any other way. Another method is the following: Rub the paper with a mixture of equal parts of oil of turpentine and nut oil, and dry it immediately by rubbing it with wheat flour. Then hang it on a line for twenty-four hours. If washed over with ox-gall, and dried, it will admit of being written on with ink; or water colors may be used.

Staining Wood.—After finishing with glass paper, take some logwood liquor, and with a rag wet it over two or three times, allowing it to dry each time; then take iron liquor, and proceed in the same manner; after it is dry, take glass paper and clean it up, so that the staining may only remain in the pores of the wood; then take some dragon's blood and dissolve it in water and wet the wood over with it once or twice; then polish, using dragon's blood pretty freely in the polishing. This produces a stain something resembling rosewood."

Stone Cement.—A cement of three parts fine coal ashes, one of red lead, three of sand and two of chalk (by weight) made into a putty with oil, is excellent for filling up the exposed joints of stones, bricks, &c. It becomes as hard as marble.

Cement for Cast Iron Joints.—Take two ounces of sal-ammoniac, one of sulphur, sixteen of cast iron borings or filings, and bray them well in a mortar, and keep dry. When required for use, take one part of this powder and mix it with twenty parts of clean iron filings or borings, and mix them in a mortar into a stiff paste, with a little water, and it is then ready for use. A little of the fine sand obtained in the box of a grindstone improves this cement. This cement is pressed into the joint cold, with a chisel, like putty, and allowed to stand three days, at least, before the vessel or article is used.

For Cooking Asparagus.—Cut into bits half an inch long; boil in water enough to cover it; salt, put in a bit of soda the size of a pea to a quart, and season with butter and cream. New tin is the best to cook it in.

Potato Soup.—Almost every farmer's household is fond of soup for supper. I will now write a few "home-spun" lines on making a cheap and palatable soup from the potato. I take good sound potatoes, peel and cut them in pieces small enough to be eaten with a spoon. After having them well rinsed, I boil them with enough water to leave them in a state of soup, adding salt to my taste. When they are cooked, I take about two tablespoonfuls of flour, with half as much lard, and fry it in a pan, stirring it with a spoon until changed to a brown (not black) color. I then stir it in with the potatoes, after which it is ready for the table.—*Elizabeth Diehl.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 7, 21, 31, 11, 39, 3, is a city in Greece, greatly celebrated in classical literature.

My 22, 5, 40, 29, 5, 3, 5, was an ancient city, the pride of Asia Minor, which contained the superb Temple of Diana, built by Erostratus, that he might immortalize his name.

My 17, 20, 19, 14, 6, 7, 19 a country in Asia, in which the early events of Jewish history occurred.

My 15, 31, 27, 5, 37, 23, 2, 18, 4, 9, are the ruins of an ancient city in Persia, the royal palace of which was burned by Alexander the Great.

My 1, 23, 14, 10, 6, 30, 10, is a mountain in Palestine long noted for its tall cedars.

My 36, 33, 11, 29, 15, 3, is one of the Egyptian pyramids, which ancient historians tell us 100,000 men were twenty years in building.

My 39, 12, 34, 34, is the most celebrated city in the world.

My 8, 17, 35, 13, 7, 5, 3, 5, is a mountain in Greece, noted for having been the favorite residence of Apollo.

My 4, 21, 18, 14, 22, 25, 20, 5, is a church, the largest and most celebrated in the world; which was one hundred and eleven years in building, and which cost a sum equal to $165,000,000.

My 6, 28, 7, 37, 33, 19, is an island on the western coast of Scotland, which contains a great natural curiosity.

My 12, 40, 11, 24, 20, 5, are the ruins of a renowned city in Egypt, whose magnitude Homer has pictured in the word—hundred-gated.

My 17, 10, 33, 19, 21, 14, 20, 7, was the palace of the Moorish Kings in Spain.

My 8, 21, 38, 9, 24, 16, 35, 1, 4, is one of the Lipari Islands, a tremendously burning volcanic mountain; it is often called the lighthouse of the Mediterranean.

My whole is a distinguished statesman of Europe.

Clarksville, Ohio. ERASTUS C. HENRY.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 19, 26, 22, was Prince of Moscow.

My 33, 8, 18, 37, 21, 26, was the constructor of the famous Thames Tunnel.

My 14, 42, 2, 43, 12, was founder of the Persian Monarchy.

My 6, 13, 36, 44, 21, was one of the most distinguished men of whom history makes mention.

My 33, 5, 26, 35, 28, 30, was one of the Commissioners who accompanied Napoleon to Elba.

My 16, 11, 7, 29, 30, 27, 40, 21, 11, was one of the most distinguished Greek orators.

My 41, 11, 17, 10, 12, 16, was the first of the four great Prophets.

My 24, 9, 13, 24, 31, 25, 41, 18, was one of the greatest benefactors of America.

My 30, 27, 4, 11, 17, 22, was an eminent American physician, and a leading member of the Legislature of South Carolina.

My 3, 1, 6, 23, 37, 12, 26, 6, was Marshal and Peer of France.

My 8, 35, 25, 28, 2, 32, was a celebrated Highland chief.

My 14, 4, 43, 44, 15, was a member of the body which formed the Constitution of Maryland.

My 15, 31, 30, 15, 9, 17, 35, 9, was a celebrated captain who travelled on foot through France, Spain and Portugal, then through Russia to Kamtschatka.

My 20, 31, 6, 30, 42, 11, was the 17th and last King of Athens.

My 26, 2, 11, 32, 41, 43, 11, 33, 23, was the last Generalissimo of the Republic of Poland.

My 40, 16, 18, 34, 22, 6, 10, 6, 9, 11, was the greatest of all the Greek historians.

My 7, 42, 15, 31, 4, was a Mohegan Indian, educated at a school in Lebanon, Conn.

My whole is the name and birthplace of one of the most distinguished naval commanders. J. K.

Lexington, Ky.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 1, is a word of command.
My 2, is a measure.
My 3, is an exclamation.
My 4, is a numeral.
My 5, is an abbreviation much used in charts.
My whole was at times, with our ancestors, a challenge to single combat. L. ALBERT W.

Lexington, Mo.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first essential is to man,
If he would reason, think or plan;
Without it none e'er drew a breath,
Yet with it all may sleep in death.
My second all would gladly shun,
But wholly is escaped by none;
For since our father Adam's fall
It's truly been the lot of all.
My whole may mar our comfort quite,
In brightest day or darkest night.

Lewisburg, Va. T. PATTON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When early rises morning's sun,
And sheds his glorious light and heat,
The wood and streams and fields upon,
In answer you my first repeat
To "How's the weather?"

Upon my second dwells the herd,
And there the germ is bid that soon
Will yield for man and beast and bird
A competence. The greatest boon
Of earth comes thither.

My whole a county is that lies
In central Pennsylvania,
A name that import reversed applies
Much better, I'm sure you'll say,
When you come hither.

Burnside, Pa. JACKER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first oft cause the city Miss to pout,
When she's just ready, sirs, for starting out
To meet my second, for a cozy walk,
To chatter nonsense, such as lovers talk;
My whole an everlasting record from above,
To prove to man God's never-ending Love.
It is by far more beautifully seen
On ocean's vast expanse, when all's serene.

Rowleyville.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A schoolmaster being asked how many scholars had, answered: If to double the number I add one-half, one-third and one-fourth of them, I shall have 251. How many had he? "LEYDEN."

Centre Hill, Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a right-angled triangle are to each as 3, 4 and 5. A line dividing it into two right-angled triangles is 12 rods. Required the sides? H. L. B.

Bloomsville, N. Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ "What," exclaimed the accomplished and fashionable Fitzwiggle to the exquisite Miss De La Sparrow-grass, "what would you be, dearest, if I should put the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I replied the fair creature, "should be—*stationary.*"

☞ Why is Boston Almshouse like Nahant rocks? Ans.—Because there is a surge-on there.

☞ When does a young lady wish to win more than seven beaus at once? Ans.—When she tries to *fasten* (fasten eight.)

☞ What is that which we wish for, and often obtain, yet never know when we have got it? Ans.—Sleep.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Pharaoh ordered the children of the Israelites to be drowned. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Gambart Johannisberg Bleiberg. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Ralph Waldo Emerson. CHARADE.—Door-key. CHARADE.—Robinson. PUZZLE.—Lawsuit. PROBLEM.—Each daughter received 3 A. 31.94 rods. The mother had 126 acres, 96.28 rods. Distance from each other, 148.118288 rods; from the mother, 93.518 rods.